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# THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART I.—SEA AND NIGHT.

### BOOK I.—NIGHT LESS DARK THAN MAN.

#### I. THE SOUTH POINT OF PORTLAND.

AN obstinate north wind blew without intermission over the continent of Europe, and with special violence over England, during all the month of December, 1689, and all the month of January, 1690. Hence the destructive cold which caused this winter to be noted as one "to be remembered by the poor," on the margins of the old Bible in the Non-Jurors' Chapel of London. Thanks to the useful solidity of the old royal parchment employed in the official registers, long lists of poor, found dead of hunger and want of clothing, may still be read to-day in many local repositories, particularly in the archives of Clink Liberty Court, in Southwark Borough, of the Pie-Powder (*pieds poudreux*, "dusty-foot") Court, and of Whitechapel Court, held at the village of Stepney by the seigniorial bailiff. The Thames was frozen over, which happens only once in a century, as ice forms on it with difficulty, owing to the agitation of the water. Carts rolled on the frozen river; there was a fair on the Thames, with bear-baitings and bull-baitings; an ox was roasted whole on the ice. This thick ice lasted two months. The doleful year 1690 surpassed in severity even the celebrated winters at the beginning of the seventeenth-century, so minutely observed by Doctor Gideon Delaun, who was honored by the city of London with a bust on a bracket, in his quality of apothecary to King James I.

One evening, toward the close of one of the coldest days in this month of January, 1690, there was going on in one of the many inhospitable creeks of Portland Gulf something unusual, which caused the seamens and wild-geese to scream and circle around the entrance of the creek, afraid to reënter it.

In this creek, the most dangerous, during the prevalence of certain winds, of all those running in to the gulf, and consequently the least frequented, convenient, by reason of this very danger, for ships that seek concealment, a little vessel, almost touching the cliff, thanks to the depth of the water, was moored

to a point of rock. It is wrong to say *night-falls*; we ought to say *night-rises*, for darkness begins from the earth. It was already night at the bottom of the cliff; it was still day above. Had any one approached the moored vessel he would have recognized a Biscayan ork.

The sun, hidden all day by the mist, had just set. Men began to feel that dark and deep grief which may be called anxiety for the absent sun.

As the wind did not come from the sea, the water of the creek was calm.

It was a lucky exception, especially in winter. Nearly all these Portland creeks have bars. In bad weather there is a high sea on the bar, and much skill and practice are required to pass it safely. These little harbors, more apparent than real, perform their function badly. It is fearful to enter them and terrible to leave them. That evening, for a wonder, no danger.

The Biscayan ork is an old species of lighter, now gone out of fashion. These orks, which did good service, even in war-navies, were stout hulls, barks in size, ships in strength. There were orks in the Armada; true, the war-orks reached a heavy tonnage, thus the flag-ship *Grand Griffon*, commanded by Lope de Medina, was a vessel of six hundred and fifty tons, mounting forty cannon; but the merchant and smuggling ork was on a very small pattern. Seamen considered this kind of lighter a petty vessel. The cordage of the ork was made of hempen strands, some ropes having a heart of iron wire, which shows a probable, though unscientific, design of obtaining indications in case of magnetic tension. The delicacy of this rigging did not exclude large working cables, the *cabrias* of the Spanish galleys and the *cameli* of the Roman triremes. The tiller was very long, which construction has the advantage of great leverage, but the disadvantage of small play; two sheaves on sheave-holes at the end of the tiller corrected this defect, and somewhat made up for the loss of force. The compass was well housed in a binnacle perfectly square, and well balanced by its two copper frames placed one within the other horizontally on little pivots, just as in a Cardan lamp. There was knowledge and cleverness in the construction of the whole ork, but it was ignorant science and barbarous cleverness. The ork was as primitive as the Dutch praam and the Indian canoe, having the former's solidity and the latter's speed, and possessing, like all vessels born of the fishing and piratical instinct, wonderful sea-going qualities. It was equally good for close and open waters; the play of its sails, complicated with stays and very peculiar, allowed it to beat well in the enclosed bays of Asturia, which are almost basins, passages for instance, and to run with a free

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wind on the open sea; queer ships of all work were they, good for a stagnant pool, good for an ocean-storm. The ork was among ships what the water-wagtail is among birds, one of the smallest and one of the boldest; the wagtail scarcely bends the reed on which it perches, yet traverses the ocean in its flight.

The Biscayan orks, even the poorest, were gilt and painted.

This tattooing is in accordance with the genius of a people, charming, but the least bit savage. The magnificent motley of their mountains, checkered with snows and meadows, has taught them the stern prestige of ornament at any price. They are poor and grand; they put coats-of-arms on their hovels; they have big asses which they trick out with bells, and big oxen which they deck with feathers; their carts, whose wheels you may hear creaking two leagues off, are repainted, carved, beribboned. Your cobbler has a bas-relief over his door; Saint Crispin and an old shoe, but it's stone. They trim their leather jackets with gold lace; they don't mend a tatter, but they embroider it. Such is the depth and pride of their gayety. Like the Greeks, the Basques are children of the sun. While the Valencian shelters his sad nudity under a covering of red wool, with a hole for his head to go through, the Galicians and Biscayans rejoice in fair linen shirts, bleached in the dew. Their door-steps and windows overflow with fresh, blond faces, laughing under garlands of maize. A jovial and proud serenity is conspicuous in their simple arts, in their manufactures, in their customs, in the dress of their girls, in their songs. Those colossal ruins, the mountains, become masses of light in Biscay; the sunshine circulates through all their gaps. The savage Jaizquivel is full of idyls. Biscay is the embodied grace of the Pyrenees, as Savoy is of the Alps. In the perilous bays adjoining Saint Sebastian, Leso, and Fontarabia, you have tempest and cloud, foam spirling above the capes, rage of wave and wind, horror, confusion, and boat-women crowned with roses. Whoever has seen the Basque country wishes to see it again. There is a blessing on the land. Two crops a-year, villages resounding with gayety, a lofty poverty, all Sunday long a noise of guitars and dances, castanets and love-making, houses clean and well lighted, storks in the steeples.

Return we to Portland, that harsh mountain of the coast.

The peninsula of Portland, in its geometrical projection, presents the appearance of a bird's head, the bill turned toward the sea, and the back of the head toward Weymouth; the isthmus is the neck.

Portland, to the great deterioration of its wild picturesqueness, has now a manufacturing existence. The Portland hills were discovered by quarry-men and plasterers about the middle of the eighteenth century. Since that time, the cement called Roman has been made with Portland rock, a utilization which enriches the country and disfigures the bay. Two hundred years ago, these coasts were cliffs in ruins, now they are quarries in ruins; the pickaxe consumes on a small scale, the wave on a large; hence, a diminution of beauty. Man's measured cutting has replaced the grand waste of ocean. This measured cutting has annihilated the creek where the Biscayan ork was moored. To find any trace of this little harborage now demolished, one would have to look on the eastern side of the peninsula, toward the point, beyond Folly Pier and Dirdle Pier, beyond Wakeham even, between the places called Church-Hope and Southwell.

The creek, walled in on all sides by bluffs higher than it was wide, was every moment more encroached upon by the night; the indistinct mist peculiar to twilight grew thicker in it; it was like the spreading darkness at the bottom of a well; the narrow channel, where the creek gave passage to the sea, marked a whitish cleft in this interior darkness where the wave wandered. One must have been quite close to perceive the ork moored to the rocks, and hidden as it were in the cloak of their great shadow. A plank thrown from on board to a low, flat

projection of the cliff, the only point where one could land, connected the bark with the shore; black figures were walking on this movable bridge, and crossing one another in the darkness; people were embarking.

It was less cold in the creek than at sea, thanks to the screen of rock that rose on the north of this basin; but the difference was not sufficient to hinder these people from shivering. So they made haste.

Twilight has the effect of bringing out figures as if they were stamped; certain fringes in the dress of these people were visible, showing that they belonged to the class called in England *the ragged*.

Among the projections of the cliff a winding footpath was just distinguishable. The girl who hangs her staylace over the back of an arm-chair, and leaves it trailing, sketches, without suspecting it, nearly all the foot-roads of cliffs and mountains. The path leading to this creek, full of knots and angles, almost perpendicular, fitter for goats than men, ended at the platform where the plank was. Cliff roads are generally of a steepness far from tempting; they present themselves like a fall rather than a way, they crumble under your feet rather than lead you down. This one, probably a branch of some road on the plain, was so perpendicular that it was unpleasant to look at. From below you saw it zigzag up to the high ledges of the cliff, whence it opened out upon the table-land over sundry clefts, and through a notch in the rock. By this path must have come the passengers, for whom this bark was waiting in this creek.

Around the movement of embarkation in the creek, a movement evidently scared and unquiet, all was solitude. Not a step was heard, not a sound, not a breath. One could just perceive on the other side of the roadstead, at the entrance of Ringstead Bay, a flotilla of shark-fishers, which had clearly blundered in there. These polar vessels had been driven from the Danish waters into the English by the caprice of the deep. Northern gales play such tricks on fishermen. These men had just sought refuge in the anchorage of Portland, and this fact was a presumable sign of bad weather and danger on the open sea. They were employed in casting anchor. The chief bark, placed on sentry, according to the old custom of Norwegian flotillas, marked all its rigging in black on the white level of the sea, and forward might be seen the great fishing-fork, that bore all sorts of hooks and harpoons, destined for the *seymnus glacialis*, the *squalus acanthias*, and the *squalus spinax niger*, as well as the net for catching the *grand selache*. Except these few vessels, all swept into the same corner, the eye recognized nothing that lived in the vast horizon of Portland. At this time the coast was uninhabited, and at this season the roadstead was uninhabitable.

Whatever the aspect of the weather, the persons whom the Biscayan ork was to carry off, hurried their departure none the less for it. They formed, on the border of the sea, a sort of group, busy and confused, rapid in their movements. It was difficult to distinguish one from the other, impossible to see if they were old or young. The indistinctness of evening mixed them up, like the figures in a rough sketch. A mask of shade was upon their faces. They were profiles on the night. Their number was eight, one or two of whom were probably women, not easy to distinguish under the rags and tags in which the whole group was muffled, accoutrements which were no longer either men's or women's dresses. Tatters have no sex.

A smaller shadow, going and coming among the large ones, indicated a dwarf or a child.

It was a child.

## II.

### ISOLATION.

THIS is what might have been observed on closer inspection.

All wore long cloaks, full of holes and patches, but made

of stout cloth, hiding them up to the eyes if required—a good protection against the north wind and the curious. They moved with agility under these cloaks. Most of them, instead of hats, wore a handkerchief rolled round the head, a sort of rudimentary turban used by Spaniards. This head-gear was not at all extraordinary in England. The South, just then, was in fashion at the North, probably because the North used to beat the South. It triumphed over what it admired. After the defeat of the Armada, Castilian was an elegant court dialect with Elizabeth. To speak English before the English queen was almost "shocking." To be influenced a little by the manners of those, to whom he gives law, is the custom of the barbarous victor in face of the polite vanquished. The Tartar contemplates and imitates the Chinaman. This is why Spanish fashions penetrated into England, while, on the other hand, English interests were working themselves into Spain.

One of the men in the embarking group looked like a leader. He wore Spanish buskins, his rags were embroidered and gilt, and a spangled waistcoat shone under his cloak like a fish's belly. Another pulled down over his face a great felt hat shaped like a *sombrero*. This hat had no hole for a pipe—mark of a learned man.

Over his tatters, on the principle that a man's coat makes a boy's cloak, the child wore, or was wrapped in, an old reefing-jacket that reached to his knees. His size denoted a boy of ten or eleven. He was barefoot.

The crew of the ork consisted of a master and two men.

Probably she came from Spain, and was returning thither. Doubtless she was on secret service from coast to coast.

The persons whom she was about to take in kept whispering together.

Strangely mixed was the mutual whispering of these creatures: now a Spanish word, now a German, now a French; sometimes Welsh, sometimes Basque. It was a *patois*, unless it was slang.

They seemed to be of all nations, and of the same band. The crew were probably of themselves, since they connived at their departure.

This diverse troop seemed a company of comrades, perhaps a set of accomplices.

Had there been a little more light, and had one regarded them a little carefully, there might have been seen on these people chaplets and scapularies half concealed under their rags. One of the might-be women mixed with the group had a rosary nearly equal in the size of its beads to a dervish's, and easy to recognize as a rosary of Llanythefry, called also Llandiffry.

Had it not been so dark, one might also have observed a *Nuestra Señora* with her *niño*, carved and gilt, in the forepart of the ork, probably the Basque Virgin, a sort of *panagia* of the old Cantabrians. Under this image, which took the place of a figure-head, was a cage for combustibles, at present unlighted, an excess of precaution which showed extreme care for concealment. This fire-cage was clearly for two purposes; when lit, it burned in honor of the Virgin, and also lighted the sea, like a beacon doing duty as church candle.

The cutwater, long-curved and sharp under the bowsprit, sprang from the bow like a crescent horn. Low down in the cutwater, under the Virgin's feet, knelt an angel, his back against the stem, and his wings spread, regarding the horizon through a spy-glass. The angel was gilt like the Virgin.

In the cutwater were openings and passages to admit the waves, another chance for gilding and arabesque.

Under the Virgin was painted, in gilt capitals, the word *Matutina*, the ship's name, now illegible by reason of the darkness.

At the foot of the cliff was deposited, in the pell-mell disorder of their flight, the lading which these passengers took with them, and which, thanks to the plank serving as gangway, passed rapidly from the shore into the vessel. Bags

of biscuit, a keg of stockfish, a box of portable soup, three barrels, one of fresh water, one of malt, one of tar, five or six bottles of ale, an old portmanteau, with straps and buckles, some trunks, some chests, a ball of tow for torches and signals, such was this lading. These ragged gentry had baggage, which seemed to indicate a wandering life; walking beggars are obliged to own something; at times they would fain fly away like birds, but they cannot do so without abandoning their means of livelihood. Whatever their wandering business may be, they must have boxes of tools and instruments to work with. So these men carried this luggage, an encumbrance on more than one occasion.

It could not have been easy to transport all these traps to the bottom of such a cliff. The fact, moreover, disclosed an intention of quitting for good. No time was lost; there was a continual movement from the shore to the ship, and from the ship to the shore; each took his part of the work; one carried a bag, another a box. The possible or probable women in this mixed mass worked like the rest. The child was overloaded.

It may be doubted if this child had father or mother in the band. They took no notice of him. They made him work, that was all. He seemed, not a child in a family, but a slave in a tribe. He waited on everybody, and nobody spoke to him.

But he made haste, and, like all the doubtful troop of which he formed a part, seemed to have only one thought, that of embarking speedily. Did he know why? Probably not. He hurried mechanically, because he saw the others hurry.

The ork was a decked vessel. The stowage of the freight in the hold was promptly arranged; the moment had come to weigh anchor. The last case had been landed on the deck; there were only the men to ship. Those two of the band who appeared to be their women were already on board; six, including the child, were still on the low platform of the cliff. A movement of departure was made in the vessel, the master seized the tiller, a sailor took an axe to cut the mooring cable. To cut it, a sign of haste; one casts off when there is time. He of the six who seemed their chief, and had spangles on his rags, said in a low voice, *Andamos* ("We are going"). The boy darted toward the plank, to pass first. As he was putting his foot on it, two of the men, rushing forward at the risk of throwing him into the water, entered before him; a third shouldered him aside and passed; the fourth kept him off with his fist and followed the third; the fifth, who was the chief, bounded into the bark rather than entered it, and, as he leaped in, pushed with his heel the plank, which fell into the sea; an axe-stroke severed the cable, the tiller shifted, the ork left the shore, and the boy remained on land.

### III.

#### SOLITUDE.

THE boy remained motionless on the rock, his eyes fixed. He uttered no call. He made no remonstrance. Yet it was unexpected; but he said not a word. In the ship there was the same silence. On both sides a mute acceptance of the increasing interval. Not a cry from the child to these men, not an adieu from these men to the child. It was like a separation of shades on the banks of a Styx. The child, as if nailed to the rock which the high tide was beginning to wash, looked after the departing ship. He seemed to understand—what? The dark.

Another moment, and the ork had reached and entered the strait which led out of the creek. The top of the mast was visible against the clear sky above the cloven blocks through which, as between two walls, the strait wound its way. The topmast quivered above the rocks, and seemed to sink into them. It disappeared. All was over. The bark had gained the sea.

The child beheld this disappearance, astonished, but reflecting. His stupefaction was complicated with a dark proof of



what life is. There seemed to be some experience in this young creature. Perhaps he was already a judge. Trials, come too soon, sometimes form in the depth of childhood's dim reflections a strange and fearful balance, in which these poor little souls weigh their God.

Feeling himself innocent, he submitted. Not a complaint. The irreproachable reproaches not.

The brusque elimination made of him could not wring from him even a gesture. He seemed to stiffen from within. Under this sudden assault of fate, which threatened to put the end of his existence almost before its beginning, the boy did not bend. He received this thunder-stroke upright.

To one who could have seen him thus astonished but not crushed, it would have been evident that, in the group who were abandoning him, nothing loved him, and he loved nothing.

Thoughtful, he forgot the cold. Suddenly the water moistened his feet; the tide was rising; a breath passed through his hair; the gale was coming. He shuddered. In waking from his trance he trembled from head to foot.

He cast his eyes around him. He was alone.

Till that day there had been for him no other men on earth than those now in the ork. These men had just fled.

Let us add, strange as it must sound, that these men, the only ones whom he knew, were unknown to him. He could not have told who they were.

His infancy had been passed among them, without his feeling that he was one of them. He was in contact with them; nothing more.

And now they had just forgotten him.

He had no money about him, no shoes on his feet, hardly clothes on his back, not even a bit of bread in his pocket.

It was winter and night; he had several leagues to go before reaching a human dwelling.

He knew not where he was. He knew nothing, except that those who came with him to the border of this sea had gone away without him. He felt himself put out of life. He felt his kind give way from under him.

He was ten years old.

The boy was in a desert, between depths where he saw the night rise, and depths where he heard the waves growl.

He stretched his thin little arms and yawned. Then suddenly, like one who has made up his mind, and bravely shaking off his lethargy, with the nimbleness of a squirrel—or a clown if you will—he turned his back to the creek and began to mount along the cliff. Alert and fearless of danger, he scaled the path, left it, came back to it. He was now hurrying toward the land as if he had a map of his route. Yet he was going nowhere. He was hastening without an object, like a fugitive before destiny.

Man climbs, brutes creep up; he climbed and crept. The Portland bluffs looking toward the south, there was scarcely any snow on the path. But what there was had been converted by the intense cold into powder, inconvenient enough to walk in. The boy got on as he best could. His man's jacket, too large for him, was an additional encumbrance. From time to time he found on an overhanging ledge, or in a declivity, a little ice which tripped him up. After hanging some moments over the precipice, he would hook himself on to a dry branch or projecting stone. Once he had to do with a flawed vein of rock which suddenly crumbled under him, drawing him along in its ruin. These clefts in flawed rocks are treacherous. The child slid for some seconds like a tile on a roof; he rolled down to the very verge of destruction and clutched a tuft of grass just in time to save himself. He did not scream at the abyss any more than he had screamed at the men; having made good his footing, he recommenced the ascent in silence. The face of the cliff was lofty, so that he met with changes and chances. Darkness increased the size of the precipice. This perpendicular rock had no end. It receded before the boy in the

heights above. The summit seemed to rise in proportion as he rose. Even in the act of climbing, he gazed on the black entablature, placed like a barrier between him and the sky. At last he reached the top.

He leaped upon the upland. We might almost say he landed, for he issued from the gulf.

Hardly was he off the cliff when he shivered. He felt in his face the night gale biting him. The sharp northwest wind was blowing. He hugged his sailor's jacket against his breast. It was a good garment. In naval language it is called a sou'wester, because this kind of woollen coat is impenetrable by the southwest rains.

The child, having reached the upland, stopped, planted his two naked feet firmly on the frozen soil, and looked around.

Behind him the sea, before him the land, overhead the heaven. But a heaven without stars. An opaque mist masked the zenith.

On reaching the top of the rocky wall, he found himself turned toward the land, and looked at that first. It stretched before him far as he could see, flat, frozen, covered with snow. Some tufts of heath shivered here and there. No roads visible. Nothing, not even a shepherd's hut. In some spots were seen pale, eddying wreaths, whirlwinds of fine snow torn from earth by the gale and flying away. The horizon was plated, as it were, with successive undulations of land, now suddenly wrapped in mist. The great wan plains were disappearing under the white fog. Profound silence; the expanse of infinity, the quiet of the tomb.

The child turned round to the sea.

The sea was as white as the land, the one with snow, the other with foam. Nothing could be so melancholy as the light of this double whiteness. Some night illuminations have very hard and clean shadows; the sea was steel, the cliffs ebony. From the elevation at which the boy stood, Portland Bay appeared almost as on a map, all wan within its semicircle of hills; there was something dreamy about this nocturnal landscape, a pale circle enclosed in a dark crescent. The moon sometimes presents a similar appearance. From one cape to the other, along all the coast, not a single spark could be seen to indicate a hearth-fire, a window-light, an inhabited house. On earth, as in heaven, there was absence of light; not a lamp below, not a star above. The wide, smooth waves of the gulf were here and there suddenly uplifted. The wind disarranged and wrinkled them like table-cloths. The fleeing bark was still visible in the bay, a black triangle gliding over the livid waves. Far off, the watery wastes were vaguely agitated, in the gloomy visible darkness of immensity.

The *Matutina* shot swiftly along. She grew smaller every moment. Nothing is so rapid as the melting away of a ship in the sea distance. At one moment she lit her bow lantern; probably the darkness about her was growing troublesome, and the helmsman felt the need of light on the water. This luminous point, this spark visible from afar, clung sadly to the high, long, black shape. It was like a winding-sheet upright and walking in the midst of the sea, and some one prowling under it with a star in his hand.

There was a storm threatening in the air. The child did not regard it, but a sailor would have trembled. It was that moment of prescient anxiety when it seems as if the elements are about to become persons, and we are going to be present at the mysterious transformation of the wind into Aquilo. The sea will be Ocean; the forces of Nature will reveal themselves as wills; what we take for a thing is a soul. We shall soon see. Hence comes horror; the soul of man fears to be thus confronted with the soul of Nature.

Chaos was coming on the stage. The wind, ruffling the fog, and piling up the clouds behind, was arranging the scenery for that terrible play of wave and winter which is called a snow-storm.

The symptom of returning ships showed itself. Within a



few minutes the roadstead was no longer empty. Scared barks, hurrying toward the anchorage, rose to view at every moment behind the capes. Some doubled Portland Hill, others Sainte Albans' head. Sails were coming from the farthest distance. It was who should find a refuge first. Southward, the darkness was increasing, and the clouds, full of the night, were descending on the sea. The weight of the overhanging storm mournfully hushed the waves. It was not a time for starting. Yet the ork had gone.

She had steered southward, was already out of the gulf and on the open sea. Suddenly the wind blew a squall; the *Matutina*, which could still be clearly seen, covered herself with canvas, as if resolved to profit by the hurricane. It was a north-wester, sullen and angry; it fell on the ork with stubborn fury. Taken in flank, the vessel heeled over, but did not hesitate, and kept out to sea. This indicated a flight rather than a voyage, less fear of the sea than of the land, and more anxiety about the pursuit of men than about that of the winds.

Passing through all the stages of diminution, she buried herself in the horizon; the little star which she trailed with her, into the shadow, grew pale; the ork, melting more and more into the night, disappeared, this time forever. At least the boy seemed to understand it so. He ceased looking at the sea. His eyes went back to the plains, the downs, the hills, the places where it was perhaps not impossible to find something alive. He started in this unknown land.

## IV.

## QUESTIONS.

WHAT was this fugitive band that had left this child behind? Were these runaways *Comprachicos*?

We have already seen in detail the measures taken by William III., and voted by Parliament, against the malefactors, male and female, called *Comprachicos*, or *Comprapequeños*, or *Cheyas*.

There are enactments that have a scattering effect. This statute falling on the *Comprachicos* caused a general flight, not only of the *Comprachicos*, but of vagabonds of every kind. It was a regular devil-take-the-hindmost. Most of the *Comprachicos* went back to Spain. We have said that many of them were Basques.

The first result of this law to protect childhood was singular enough—a sudden abandonment of children. The penal statute brought forth at once a crowd of foundlings, that is to say lost-lings. Nothing easier to understand. Every wandering troop that contained a child was suspected; the mere fact of the child's presence was an information. These are probably *Comprachicos*—such was the first idea of the sheriff, the provost, the constable. Arrests and investigations followed. People, simply wretched, reduced to prowl about begging, were terrified at the idea of passing for *Comprachicos*, which they were not—but the weak are shy of the possible mistakes of justice. Besides, these vagabond families are habitually timorous. The charge against the *Comprachicos* was the utilization of others' children. But such are the comminglings of poverty and distress that it was sometimes difficult for a father and mother to prove that their own child was theirs. Where did you get this child? How could they prove that he came from God? The child became a danger; they got rid of him: flight was easier alone; father and mother decided to lose him, it might be in a wood, or on the sea-shore, or in a well. Drowned children were found in cisterns.

Let us add that, in imitation of England, the *Comprachicos* were from that time fair game all over Europe. The signal for pursuit had been given. There is nothing like setting a mark on people. Henceforth, there was rivalry among all the police-forces to seize them, and the alguazil kept as sharp a watch as the constable. Only twenty-three years ago, you might still read, on a stone of the gate of Otero, an inscription untrans-

latable—for the wording of law disregards decency—marking, moreover, in a very matter-of-fact way, the shade of difference between the child-trader and the kidnapper. Here it is in the original rough Spanish: *Aquí quedan los orejas de los comprachicos y las bolsas de los robaninos. Mientras que se van ellos al trabajo de mar.* You see that the confiscation of their ears, etc., did not hinder them from going to the galleys. So there was a general rout of the vagabonds. They started in fear, they arrived in a tremble. Along all the coast of Europe these stealthy arrivals were watched. It was impossible for a band to embark with a child, for it was dangerous to disembark with one. To lose the child was the shortest way.

Who had cast off the child, whom we have just seen darkly in the dark solitude of Portland?

Probably some *Comprachicos*.

## V.

## THE TREE OF HUMAN INTERVENTION.

It might be about seven in the evening. The wind had lulled, a sign that it would soon rise again. The boy was on the extreme south upland of Portland point.

Portland is a peninsula. But the child knew not what a peninsula was, and did not even know the word Portland. But one thing he did know, that a person may walk till he drops. An idea is a guide, but he had no ideas. They had brought him there, and left him there. *They and there*, these two riddles, represented his whole destiny; *they* were the human race, *there* was the universe. Here below he had absolutely no starting-point except the small portion of ground where he placed his heel, hard ground it was too, and cold to his naked feet. In the great world opening all around him in the dim twilight, what was there for this child? Nothing.

Toward this nothing he was advancing.

All around him spoke of the total absence of man.

He crossed the first plateau diagonally, then a second, then a third. At the end of each, the boy found a break in the ground; the slope was sometimes abrupt, but always short; for the high, barren downs of Portland point are like great flagstones partly overlapping. The south side seems to underlie the preceding plain, and the north side rises above the next one. These places the boy had to cross by jumping, which he did with much agility. From time to time he checked his progress, and seemed to hold counsel with himself. The night was growing very dark, and his range of vision shortening; he could only see a few steps off.

Suddenly he stopped, listened a moment, and a slight movement of the head showed his satisfaction, as he turned rapidly and made for a moderate elevation which he perceived dimly on his right, at that spot of the plain which was nearest the cliff. On this eminence was a form which, through the mist, resembled a tree. The child had just heard in that quarter a noise, which was not the noise of the wind or the sea, neither was it the cry of any animal. He thought some one was there.

A few strides brought him to the foot of the mound. There was some one there, sure enough.

The doubtful object on the top of the elevation was now clearly visible. It was like a great arm rising straight out of the earth. At the upper end of this arm a sort of forefinger, propped underneath by its thumb, reached out horizontally. This arm, this thumb, and this forefinger, traced a carpenter's square against the sky. At the junction of this sort of thumb and sort of finger was a cord from which hung something black and shapeless. This cord, moved by the wind, made a noise like a chain, and this was the sound which the child had heard.

The cord, seen close, was what its sound denoted, a chain; a ship-chain with half-solid rings.

By that mysterious law of amalgamation which, throughout all nature, accumulates appearances upon realities, the place, the hour, the mist, the tragic sea, the distant agitations in the

horizon, all heaped themselves on this profile and made it seem of enormous size.

The object attached to the chain resembled a large sheath. It was swaddled like an infant and as tall as a man. The upper part was round, and the end of the chain wound about it. The bottom was jagged, and bones came through the holes.

A light breeze shook the chain, and that which hung on the chain waved softly. This passive mass obeyed the vague quiverings of surrounding space. It had an indefinable horror; the fear which makes objects disproportionate had almost taken away its size in leaving its shape. It was an essence of blackness with an aspect of its own, night above and night within. It was a prey to sepulchral exaggeration. Twilights, moon-rises, and star-sets, the clouds, those log-lines of space, all the winds of the compass, had finally entered into the composition of this visible nonentity. This block hanging in the wind shared the impersonality scattered far over sea and sky, and the darkness was finishing the thing that had been a man.

It was that which no longer is.

To be a remnant—human language cannot express the idea. To exist no longer and yet to persist, to be in the gulf and out of it, to reappear above the wave of Death as if refusing to be swallowed up—there is a certain amount of impossibility mixed with such realities, and therefore they are unspeakable. This being—if it was a being—this sombre witness—here were remains and terrible remains. Remains of what? First of nature, then of society. Cipher, and total.

The elements in their unmitigated rigor had it at their mercy. The profound forgetfulness of solitude encompassed it. Exposed to unknown adventures, without defence against the will of the darkness, it was forever suffering. The hurricanes were upon it, fulfilling their gloomy mission.

This spectre was given up to plunder. It suffered that horrible outrage, putrefaction in the open air. An outlaw of the coffin, it was annihilated without reposing, falling into ashes by summer and into mud by winter. Death needs a veil, the tomb requires modesty; there was no veil, no modesty here. Shameless and open rottenness. When Death shows his work, he is impudent. He insults all the decencies of the shade when working outside of his laboratory, the tomb.

This dead creature was stripped. Stripping the stripped, inexorable end. No more marrow in his bones, no more entrails in his stomach, no more voice in his throat. A corpse is a pocket, turned inside out and emptied by death. If he had possessed a personality, where was it? Perhaps still there, and that was grievous to think of. Something flitting around, something chained. Can one imagine a more ghastly feature of darkness?

There are realities here below resembling egresses to the unknown, by which it seems possible for our thoughts to go out, and which our conjectures seize upon. Imagination has its *compelle intrare*. Pass through certain places and before certain objects; you cannot help stopping, giving yourself up to dreams and letting your mind go on. In the invisible there are dim gates ajar. None could have lighted on this dead man without meditating.

He was wasting silently, but on a great scale. His blood had been drunk, his skin eaten, his flesh stolen. Nothing had passed without taking something from him. December had borrowed of him its cold, midnight its terrors, the iron its rust, the plague its miasma, the flower its perfume. His slow disintegration was a toll—a toll paid by the corpse to wind, rain, and dew, birds, and reptiles. All the dark hands of night had rummaged this body.

A strange, indescribable dweller this, who dwelt in the night. He was in a plain and on a hill, and he was not there. He could be touched, and yet he had vanished. He was something shadowy that made the darkness complete. After the disappearance of the day, in the vast, still gloom, he was gloomily of a piece with every thing. By his mere presence

he increased the melancholy of the storm and the calm of the stars. The inexpressible sense of the desert became concrete in him. Waif of an unknown destiny, he figured in all the savage concealments of night. In his mystery was a vague reflection of all enigmas.

All round him was sensible a diminution of life, as it were, which went to the very depths. The inanimate neighborhood had less certainty and confidence. The shudder of the grasses and brushwood, a lonely melancholy, an anxiety that seemed conscious, tragically appropriated all the landscape for this dark figure hanging by its chain. The presence of a spectre on the horizon aggravates solitude.

It was a phantom, implacable because exposed to blasts that were never lulled. The eternal commotion made it terrible. It seemed, fearful to say, a centre of space, with something immense resting on it. Who knows? Perhaps that equity, dimly seen and defied here, which is beyond our justice. In its sojourn outside the tomb, men's vengeance was mixed with its own. It bore testimony in the twilight and the desert. It proved that matter may disquiet us, for the matter before which we tremble is the ruin of our spiritual body. For dead matter to trouble us, mind must have inhabited it. This object denounced the lower law to the higher. Placed there by man, it waited for God. Huge, fantastic shadows, with all the dubious turns of cloud and wave, floated above it.

Behind this vision was some dark, indefinite obstacle. Around this corpse was infinity, broken by nothing; not a tree, not a roof, not a traveller. When the vastness that overhangs us, be it heaven or abyss, life, death, eternity, appears open, it is then that we feel every thing inaccessible, shut off, walled up. The opening of the infinite is the most formidable closing.

Before this thing stood the child, mute, astonished, staring.

For a man it would have been a gallows, for the boy it was a ghost. Where the man would have seen the body, the boy saw the spectre. Besides, he did not understand it.

There are fascinations of all kinds. There was one on the top of this mound. The child took a step, then two. He ascended, though he wanted to descend, and advanced, though he wanted to retreat.

Bold, yet trembling, he went to make a close examination of the phantom. When he had arrived under the gibbet, he raised his head and took a survey.

The phantom was tarred; in places it shone. The child could make out the face. It was coated with bitumen, and this sticky, tenacious mask seemed to shape itself by the nocturnal reflections. The boy saw the mouth, which was a hole, the nose, which was a hole, the eyes, which were two holes. The body was wrapped and almost packed in a coarse canvas impregnated with naphtha. This canvas was rotten and cracked. A knee passed through. One slit exposed the ribs. Part was body, part bones. The face was clay-color; some slugs had wandered over it, leaving vague silvery ribbons. The canvas, sticking to the bones, brought them out, like the drapery of a statue. The skull, cracked and split, was parted like a rotten fruit. The teeth had remained human; they had preserved their smile. A departing cry seemed to sound in the open mouth. There were some whisker-hairs on the cheeks, and the head, hanging on one side, seemed to pay attention.

There had been recent restoration. The face was freshly tarred, as well as the knee which projected through the canvas, and the exposed ribs. The feet below were uncovered. Just under them in the grass might be seen two shoes, grown shapeless in the snow and rain. They had fallen from the body.

The barefooted child looked at these shoes. The wind, more and more threatening, had those lulls which are part of the preparations for a storm; for some minutes it had ceased entirely. The carcass did not stir. The chain was motionless as a plumb-line.

Like all new-comers into life (taking into account the special pressure of his destiny), the child had in him doubtless that awakening of ideas peculiar to young years which tries to open the brain, and resembles the peckings of a bird in the egg; but all that his slight consciousness embraced at that moment was resolved into stupor. Excess of sensation, like too much oil in a lamp, finishes by stifling thought. A man would have questioned himself; the boy kept on looking.

The tar gave a moist aspect to this countenance. The drops of bitumen, congealed in what had been eyes, looked like tears. Moreover, thanks to the bitumen, the waste of death had been visibly slackened, if not stopped, and reduced to the least possible damage. What the child had before him was an object of care. This man was evidently valuable. He had not been worth keeping alive, but they made a point of preserving him when dead. The gibbet was old and worm-eaten, but solid, and had been many years in use.

It was an immemorial English custom to tar smugglers. They were hung on the shore, coated with bitumen, and left hanging; warnings require open air, and tarred warnings keep better. And this tar was humane, for thus the gibbeted ones required renewal less frequently. The gallows were placed at intervals along the coast, as lamp-posts are now. The hanged man did duty for lantern. He lighted, after his fashion, his comrades, the smugglers. They saw the gibbets far off at sea. Here's one, first notice; there's another, second notice. All which did not stop smuggling, but social order is built up of such things. This fashion lasted in England down to the beginning of our century. In 1822 three varnished culprits might be seen hanging before Dover Castle. Nor was the protective process limited to smugglers. England put her robbers, her incendiaries, and her assassins to the same use. John Painter, who set fire to the dockyard of Portsmouth, was hanged and tarred in 1776. The Abbé Coyer, who calls him John the Painter, saw him again in 1777. John Painter was hanged in chains over the ruin of his own making, and furbished up from time to time. This carcass lasted, one might almost say, lived, nearly fourteen years. In 1788 he was still in good working order, but in 1790 he had to be replaced. The Egyptians set store by kings' mummy; people's mummy, it seems, can be useful also.

The wind, having a strong hold on the mound, had stripped it entirely of snow. The grass was reappearing on it, with some thistles here and there. The hill was covered with that close, short marine turf which makes the tops of cliffs look like green cloth. Under the gallows, at the very spot above which hung the criminal's feet, was a high, thick tuft, remarkable on that barren soil. The bodies fallen piecemeal there for ages explained the beauty of the grass. The earth fattens upon man.

A sad fascination held the child. He remained there, open-mouthed. He only stooped down a moment for a nettle which pricked his legs, and stung him like a reptile. Then he stood straight again and looked up to the face which looked down on him. Looked at him all the more because it had no eyes. It was a general gaze, an indescribable, darkly-gleaming stare, which came from the skull and the teeth as much as from the void spaces under the eyebrows. The whole head of the dead man looks at you, and that makes it terrible. You feel you are seen without eyeballs; this makes the spectre horrid.

Gradually the child himself became terrible. He did not stir. Torpor was gaining on him. He did not perceive that he was losing consciousness. He was growing numb and stiff. Winter was silently betraying him to night, for winter is treacherous. The child was almost a statue. The petrifying cold penetrated his bones; the darkness was creeping into him like a reptile. The stupefying emanation of the snow rises in man like a dim tide; the boy was slowly absorbed in an immobility resembling that of the spectre before him. He was about to fall asleep.

In the hand of sleep is the finger of death. The boy felt himself seized by that hand. He was on the point of falling under the gibbet, and could no longer tell whether he stood.

The end always imminent, no transition between being and ceasing to be, the return to the crucible, the possible slipping off at any moment, such a precipice is creation.

A moment more, and child and corpse, the life just sketched and the life in ruins, would be joined in the same annihilation. The spectre seemed to understand this and wish to prevent it. Suddenly it began to move. It looked as if it would warn the child. It was the wind beginning to blow again.

Nothing so strange as this corpse in motion. The body at the end of the chain, impelled by an invisible breath, assumed an oblique attitude, rose to the left, fell back, rose to the right, kept rising and falling with a slow and deadly mechanical precision. Frightful see-saw! One might have imagined in the gloom the pendulum of eternity's clock.

It lasted some time. At this agitation of death the boy felt awakened, and was positively frightened through his chill. The chain, at every oscillation, creaked with hideous regularity. It seemed to take breath, then began again, and its creaking was like the chirp of a tree-cricket.

An approaching squall causes sudden puffs of wind. The breeze became a gale all at once. The swing of the carcass received a funereal emphasis. It was no longer balanced but shaken, and the chain screamed instead of creaking. It seemed that the scream was heard. If a call, it was answered. From the far horizon a great noise came up. It was the noise of wings.

An incident was at hand, the stormy incident of churchyards and solitudes, the arrival of a flock of ravens.

Black flying spots dotted the clouds, pierced the fog, grew larger, drew nearer, joined, thickened, as they hurried toward the hill, uttering their cry. It was like the coming of a legion. These winged vermin of the gloom pounced upon the gibbet. The child recoiled in terror.

Swarms obey orders. The ravens were grouped on the gallows. Not one on the body. They talked together. Croaking is frightful. Howling, hissing, roaring belong to life; croaking is a satisfied acceptance of putrefaction. It is like the sound which breaks the silence of the tomb. Croaking is a voice with night in it. The boy, was petrified—with fright even more than with cold.

The ravens stopped croaking. One of them lighted on the skeleton. This was the signal. All threw themselves upon it; there was a cloud of wings; then all the feathers closed, and the spectre disappeared under a cluster of black blisters stirring in the darkness. At this moment the dead man shook himself.

Was it he or the wind that did it? He gave a frightful bound. The rising hurricane came to his help. The phantom went into convulsions. It was the squall, now blowing its hardest, that took hold of him and shook him in every direction. He became horrible. He struggled like a madman. Fearful puppet, with a gallows-chain for string! Some ghostly jester had seized the cord and was playing with the mummy. It turned and jumped as if about to disjoint itself. The birds flew away in terror: all these loathsome creatures rebounded, as it were. Then they came back, and a fight began.

The dead man seemed endowed with monstrous life. The blasts lifted him as if they would carry him off, he looked as if struggling and trying to get away; his fetters kept him back. The birds followed all his motions, recoiling, then rushing on, scared but obstinate. On one side a strange attempt at flight, on the other pursuit of a chained object. Impelled by every spasm of the gale, the corpse threw somersets, had fits of anger, went and came, rose and fell, repelling the scattered swarm. The dead man was a club, the ravens powder. The flock of fierce assailants obstinately refused to quit its hold. The corpse, as if maddened under this pack of beaks, multiplied



his blind blows in the void, like strokes of a stone tied to its sling. Sometimes he had all the claws and wings upon him, then nothing; the band would vanish and immediately return in full fury. Frightful punishment, continuing after life. The birds seemed frenzied. Such swarms ought to issue from the air-holes of hell. Blows of beak and claw, tearings-off of fragments no longer flesh, crackings of the gallows, rustlings of the skeleton, clankings of rusty iron, shrieks of the squall—what struggle could be more dismal? A spectre was matched against demons.

At times, when the gale redoubled its violence, he pivoted upon himself, faced the swarm on all sides at once, seemed to wish to run after the birds; his very teeth looked as if desirous to bite them. He had the wind for him and the chain against him, as if the dark deities were involved in the affair. The hurricane joined in the battle. The corpse twisted itself, the flock of birds rolled over him in a spiral.

It was a whirl in a whirlwind.

And below all was heard a huge rumbling. That was the sea.

The boy saw this vision. Suddenly he began to tremble in all his limbs, a shiver coursed through his body, he staggered, shook, all but fell, turned round, pressed both hands on his forehead, as if it were a support, then, haggard, with dishevelled hair and closed eyes, he descended the hill at full speed and took to flight, leaving this nocturnal battle behind him.

## VI.

### THE NORTH POINT OF PORTLAND.

He ran till he was blown, at random, lost, in the snow, in the plain, in space. This flight restored him to warmth. He needed it: without the run and the scare he would have died.

When his wind gave out, he stopped. But he dared not look back. He thought that the birds must be pursuing him, that the corpse must have unfastened its chain and was probably coming the same way as himself, that doubtless the very gibbet was running down the hill after the corpse. He feared to see this if he looked round.

When he had recovered his breath a little, he renewed his flight.

To sum up facts is not the province of childhood. Despite his growing terror he received impressions, but without connecting them in his mind or drawing conclusions. He was going, it mattered not whether or how, running with the pain and difficulty of one in a nightmare. Nearly three hours had passed since he was deserted; now his forward march, while remaining uncertain, had changed its object; before he was in search, now he was in flight. He was no longer hungry or cold, only frightened. One instinct had replaced another. His only thought now was to escape. Escape from what? from every thing. Life, from all sides, seemed like a horrible wall around him. Could he have escaped from things altogether, he would have done it.

But children are not acquainted with that jail-breaking which we call suicide.

So he ran on.

He ran for an indefinite time. But breath gives out, and so does fear also.

All at once, as if seized with a sudden access of energy and intelligence, he stopped, looking ashamed of running away; he drew himself together, stamped his foot, boldly lifted his head; and turned about.

There was no more hill, nor gibbet, nor flight of ravens.

The fog had regained possession of the horizon.

The boy pursued his course.

But now he did not run; he walked. To say that this meeting a corpse had made a man of him, would be to limit the manifold and confused impression which he was undergoing. There was much more and much less in it. This gibbet, very

dubious in the rudimentary apprehension of his thoughts, remained for him an apparition. But an overcome terror strengthens, and he felt himself stronger. Had he been old enough to fathom his own mind, he would have found in himself a thousand other incipient meditations, but the reflection of children is unformed; it is much if they feel the bitter after-taste of the thing, for them obscure, which the developed man calls indignation.

Besides, a child has the gift of promptly accepting the close of a sensation. Those distant and vanishing outlines, which form the aggravation of painful things, escape his notice. The child is protected against too complex emotion by the very weakness which is his deficiency. He sees the fact, and few things with it. The difficulty of contenting one's self with partial ideas does not exist for him. The trial of life begins later, when experience arrives with its brief. Then the groups of encountered facts are confronted, a grown and instructed intelligence compares them, the recollections of youth reappear under our passions like a palimpsest under its erasures; these recollections are logical grounds, and what was a vision in the child's brain becomes a syllogism in the man's. But experience varies, turning out well or ill according to the difference of natures. The good ones ripen, the bad ones rot.

The boy had run a full quarter of a league, and walked another quarter. Suddenly he felt a cramp in his stomach; then occurred suddenly to him an idea which immediately eclipsed the hideous apparition on the hill—that of eating. Luckily there is in man an animal nature which brings him back to reality.

Eat? what? and where? and how?

He felt in his pockets—mechanically, for he well knew that they were empty.

Then he quickened his steps. Without knowing whither he went, he hastened toward a possible lodging.

This faith in an inn is one of the roots of man's trust in providence.

To believe in a sleeping-place is to believe in God.

But on this snowy plain there was nothing that resembled a roof.

The child kept walking, the upland still spread before him, naked as far as the eye could reach.

There had never been a human habitation on this table-land. It was at the foot of the cliffs, in holes of the rock that they dwelt formerly, for want of wood to build huts—those old primitive inhabitants who had slings for weapons, dried cow-dung for fuel, for religion the idol Heil that stood in a clearing at Dorchester, and for occupation the fishery of that gray false coral which the Welsh used to call *plin* and the Greeks *Iaidis plocamos*.

The child reconnoitred as he best could. All our life is a meeting of cross-roads where the choice of directions is perilous. This young creature had an early option of doubtful chances. Still he kept on; but though his legs seemed of steel, he began to tire. No paths in this plain; if there had been any, the snow had effaced them. Instinctively he continued to shift his course eastward. Sharp stones had flayed his heels; had it been light enough, there might have been seen, in his footsteps on the snow, red marks of blood, his blood.

He remembered nothing. He was crossing the table-land from south to north, and the band with which he came had probably crossed it from west to east, for fear of meeting some one. They had apparently started in some fisher's or smuggler's bark from some point of the Uggescombe coast, such as Saint Catherine-Chap or Swansea, to catch at Portland the ork which awaited them there, and they must have disembarked in one of the creeks of Weston to reëmbark in one of the creeks of Eston. This route was cut at right-angles by that which the lad now took. It was impossible for him to recognize his road.

The Portland table-land has here and there high swells,

cut short by the proximity of the coast, and perpendicular toward the sea. The boy came to one of these lofty points and stopped there, hoping to find more signs in a larger space, trying to see something. All his horizon was a vast livid opacity. He examined it attentively, and, under his fixed look, it became less indistinct. At the bottom of a distant fold of land, eastward, under this livid opacity, this sort of wan, moving bluff, which looked like a cliff cut out of night, crept and floated some dim black rags, a species of scattered fragments. This pale opacity was the fog, these black rags were smoke. Where there is smoke there are men. The child bent his steps that way.

At some distance he could just see a descent, and at the foot of the descent, among the shapeless forms of rock looming through the mist, something like a sand-bank or tongue of land, which probably joined the table-land that he had just crossed to the plains on the horizon. That was clearly his way. In fact, he had arrived at the isthmus of Portland, a sort of delta called Chess Hill.

He entered on the slope of the table-land. It was a hard descent, the counterpart of the ascent which he had made to get out of the bay, only less rugged. Whatever goes up, must come down. He rolled down, after having climbed up.

He leaped from one rock to another, at the risk of a sprain or a tumble into the dim depth. To hold himself back while slipping over the rocks and the ice, he clutched at the long rushes of the downs and the prickly furze, and all their points pierced his fingers. Sometimes he found a smooth declivity for a little way, and took breath as he descended; then it was steep again, and every step required a manoeuvre. In descending precipices, every movement solves a problem; you must be skilful, under pain of death. The boy solved these problems with an instinct which a monkey would have remarked, and a science which a mountebank would have admired. The descent was steep and long, but he came to the end of it. The moment gradually approached when he would land on the dimly-seen isthmus.

At intervals, without ceasing to jump or slide from rock to rock, he pricked up his ears, like a deer listening. Far off on his left, he heard a faint, pervading noise, like the low note of a trumpet. There was in the air that movement of blasts preparatory to the terrific north wind, which one hears coming from the pole like a host of clarions. At the same time the child felt now and then on his forehead, his eyes, his cheeks, something which had the effect of the palm of a cold hand laid on his face. It was the large icy flakes, at first dropping gently, then in whirls, announcing the snow-storm. The child was covered with them. The snow-storm, which for more than an hour had been on the sea, was reaching the land. It invaded the downs gradually. It entered obliquely by the northwest on to Portland Heights.

#### MARY SHEA.

"THE desolate orphan," who now came forward and exhibited not merely her bright eyes but her full form to my view, was somewhat singular in her appearance. She had but little of the original Celt in her features. Her beauty was purely Spanish, of which I have seen many perfect specimens in Tuoist and around Kenmare: large soft eyes, with beautiful dark downy eyelashes, the mouth well formed, and cheek of classic mould; while the figure, perfect in its symmetry, is erect and active, and exhibits a lightness of step and grace of motion which can rarely be attained but by constant practice in walking over the mountains. The form which now stood before me was a beautiful specimen of this perfect Spanish type. She was clean and neat in her person, though her clothes were of the coarsest kind. Her gown, made of the light gray flannel or frieze manufactured in the mountains where she lived, was crossed upon her bosom and extended up to her neck. Her hair, as black as jet, was neatly parted on her forehead, and hung in careless folds down her back. She had neither shoes nor

stockings, and her dress did not come down to within seven or eight inches of her feet. She wore no shawl, which is common in the district, about her neck. She held her head as erect as a startled fawn. Her hands were clasped in an attitude of wild supplication, and the symmetry of her form was enhanced by the unusual addition of a leather strap buckled around her waist, which, though neither new nor ornamental in itself, had the effect of showing off her naturally beautiful figure to the best advantage.

The moment she appeared from behind the holly-bush, she commenced her oration. And, talking with a volubility and amount of action which it would be impossible to describe, her features became animated, and the blood mounted to her cheeks. In truth, I have rarely seen so beautiful and so natural a girl. I think she knew she was a beauty, and had "chanced" a little of the success of her visit upon that score, as well as upon my "goodness;" but there was no vanity or coquetry in her manner—she was perfectly natural and simple, and, as regards the knowledge of her beauty, so intelligent a girl as she was could not possibly look at her reflection in one of her own dark mountain lakes, and not see that she was different from her neighbors.

She had watched my countenance with the quickness of an Irish peasant, during the whole time she was speaking; and in fact I felt sure she had prolonged her statement for that sole purpose, in order to form an estimate of her success, or vary her line of advance according as circumstances revealed themselves. I saw this perfectly at the time; but my interest in her vivacious courage was so great, and my admiration of her beauty so impossible to conceal, that she saw in a moment, though I had not yet spoken a word, that she had won her point.

"Ah! well I knew your honor had a good and kind heart within you," said she, coming forward with graceful animation and under cover of her well-turned flattery. "And now, maybe I'd never have another opportunity, and oh! just listen to me till I tell you what I have to say, for mine is a sore, sore sorrow."

In a moment her whole countenance—almost her form, had changed. Her courage—some of which she had evidently derived from her beauty—seemed to have departed. Tears filled her eyes as she looked down upon the ground, and even her form seemed to lose many inches of its height. I could scarcely have thought that the same human being was before me, as she now stood about to tell her tale of sorrow.

"What is your name?" I asked, "and where do you live?"

"Mary Shea is my name," said she, "that is, my maiden name, and indeed for that matter I am not married yet."

"Married!" I exclaimed, "why you seem scarcely seventeen years of age."

"True for you," replied she, "you guessed it very nigh, as I'll only be seventeen next Shrove-tide."

"And what is your case? what do you want me to do?"

"I'll tell your honor that," replied she, resuming in a moment a portion of her previous animation. "What I want your honor to do is, to put down Eugene's name in the books, as tenant for the little place I have up in the mountain."

"And who is Eugene? and how came you to have a little place of your own, and you so young as you are?"

"I'll tell your honor all about it," she replied: "the way of it all was this:" and again in a moment her countenance changed, her eyelids drooped, her form seemed to lose its height, and, with a little hesitation as to where she should begin, she commenced her tale of woe. "The way of it all was this; your honor was not here in the 'hungry year' (a term frequently used amongst the peasantry to describe the famine); but then was terrible times. I was only a little slip of a girl then—and sure for that matter I'm not much more this minute. But my father had a little place up in the mountains, the same as what I was now talking about. Well, you see, he was an old man, and my mother was sickly, and they had no other child but me, and the place was very small, and, when the potatoes blackened, sure they had no one but God to look to. 'Father,' says I, 'I fear ye'll die, and mother too, if ye don't get something to ate.' 'True for ye, child,' says father, 'but where are we to get it? the great God has rotted the potatoes in the ground, and what other support had we all, and sure the neighbors are as bad off as we are.' Mother said nothing: she looked at father and me, she kissed me once or twice, as if to wish me good-by; and when I got up in the morning, I found her sitting in her clothes beside

the fire quite dead and stiff—not a month after the potatoes had blackened.

"Well, ye see we lived far up in the mountains, and no meal or any thing could be got there, except what I brought myself—and it was ten long miles from Kenmare. 'But still,' says I, 'I won't let father die, if I can help it!' So we had a few hives of honey which the gentlemen liked, because the bees made it all on the heather; and I used to slip over to Kenmare, now and then, with a hive, and bring back a little meal to father—we had no cow, as the place was too small to rear one. And I won't tell your honor a lie when I say that sorra ha'porth we had to live on except just the few hives of honey; and I knew when they were out, and I had no money to buy meal, we might just lie down and die. However, I said nothing to father about this, for I was only a slip of a girl; but I thought it for all that.

"Well, sure enough, after a time the honey was all sold, and I smothered the last bee I had—though in troth I was sorry to do so, as I had reared them all myself, and I think they knew me, as they never once stung me, though I used to sit close to the hive watching them. However, I knew well it was better for them to die than father, so I had to smother them; and I went down to Kenmare with a sorrowful heart, and got 15s. for the hive. Well, with that I fed father and myself for another weary month: and, when the meal was out, father says to me—'Mary dear, it's no use striving any longer against the hunger. I can't stand it. I'm weak and faint, and not able to go out to the public works, and I might as well die in the house as on the roads; and now mind, Mary dear, when I die, bury me beside your mother in the garden, and don't be making any noise about it—calling a wake or a funeral, for all has enough to do these hard times for themselves.' 'Oh father dear, don't talk that way,' says I, 'I'll just go out and see if I can't get something that will keep the life in ye yet.' So father said nothing, but just lay down on the bed, as if to wait till I came home. Well, I had some strength and spirit in me yet. And, as Eugene and I had known each other since we were little children, I thought I would just go to him and see if he could help me. But when I went to his house he was far away on the public works. So I had no more heart nor strength to go any farther, and I had enough to do to get home. But oh! sorrow came heavy on me then: for, when I called on father as I came in to ask him if God had sent him any food, he did not answer; and when I came to his bed, and put my hand upon his forehead, I found that he was dead and cold, and I was left alone in the world."

Here the poor girl's voice failed; and, commencing to weep bitterly, she turned her head away. I found the tears rising in my own eyes too, but, endeavoring to turn her thoughts from this sad scene, I said—

"You have mentioned Eugene once or twice—who is Eugene?"

She dried her eyes in a moment; and, resuming the natural vivacity of her manner, she called aloud to some one who was evidently near at hand—

"Eugene! where are you, Eugene? I wouldn't wonder if he was here this minute!"

And, truly enough, he was; for, slowly emerging from the same holly-bush where I had observed the young damsel's eyes in the first instance, came a tall, good-looking youth, clean and fair, with a cheek as smooth and free from beard as a woman's. He was about nineteen or twenty years of age, and as bashful as a youth detected under such circumstances—though she had evidently hid him there herself—could be.

"Don't be afeared, Eugene," cried the damsel—"don't be afeared. The gentleman isn't angry. Come and spake to him this minute.—He is shy, your honor," said she—turning to me in a conciliatory voice, as if excusing and patronizing her lover, over whom she evidently considered she had a great advantage in facility of speech and general knowledge of the world—"he is shy, and doesn't know how to spake to a gentleman; and I hope you'll excuse him; but he is a good kind boy for all that, and well able to become a tenant for the little place, if you will only put his name in the book."

"Well but," I urged, "if I put his name down in the book, he will be the tenant and not you; and how would that answer your purpose?"

"Oh, sure your honor, it would be all the same; we would get married at once, and we would have the little place between us, as I feel lonesome in it all by myself."

"How large is the little place?" inquired I.

"Well, for that matter, it is big enough," she replied; "but indeed it is not good for much, as it's able to feed nothing but the bees. And troth, I don't know where they find any thing to gather except in autumn, when the blossom comes upon the heather."

"What is the value of the place?" asked I.

"Well, indeed, it is not much. The late agent said it was good value, little cabin and all, for 7s. 6d. a year, and the rent was never raised since, and we made a few perches of potato-garden near the house."

"And so you and Eugene really want to marry and set up house upon a place only worth 7s. 6d. a year, cabin, mountain-land, garden, and all?"

"Well, indeed, your honor, I don't see what better we could do. You see Eugene and I have known each other a long time now, and all the neighbors knows we loves each other very much—and why wouldn't I love him, poor boy, when it was himself that saved my life?"

"How did he save your life?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I was telling you all about it," she resumed, "when you asked for Eugene, and I had to present him to your honor. But, shure enough, it was Eugene, and no one else, that saved my life, that night I was telling you of when father died. I found him cold and stiff in the bed when I came home; and I had nothing in the house myself—no meal, nor bread, nor potatoes, nor a ha'porth; so I just sat down on the bedside near him, and—God forgive me!—I prayed that He would take me too; for I was helpless and sorrowful, and weak and down-hearted, with the hunger. And then I began to cry; and I thought of mother, how she had died, and how father was dead, and no one to bury him. 'And,' thinks I, 'if I die too, the cabin will make a decent little grave over us all, and no one will know any thing about it!' So I was crying on, thinking of all these things, and wondering how it all came about, when I heard a footstep at the door, and I guessed at once it was Eugene's. So he never said a word to me at first, but he sat himself down beside me. And, after a little, he says, 'What is it, Mary dear?' 'Oh, Eugene,' says I, 'mother is dead, and now father is dead: there he is before you, and I'm going to die too, for I'm broken-hearted, and have nothing to eat.' 'Eat this,' says Eugene, and he pulled an elegant loaf out of his pocket—'I guessed ye came up to look for me to-day; and, when I came home from the works, and mother gave me my supper, I just put it in my pocket, as I wasn't hungry myself, and came off with it to you. So eat it, Mary dear; for I couldn't eat it if a basketful of bread was before me!' Well, I knew the poor boy had stinted himself to give it to me; but I was well-nigh gone, so I just gave him a loving look, and says I, 'Eugene dear, I know well how it is; but I'll eat it for all that for your sake, and for fear I'd die before your face.' And so I did. 'And now, Mary,' says he, 'come home with me, and mother will take care of you for a bit; and, in the morning, I'll come out myself and bury father for you.' And so he did—the brave boy that he is, shy as he looks before your honor now. And we dug the grave between us, and put father into it, just as he was—for we had no coffin—where would we get one that year? and we laid him beside mother. And when the great day comes, sure they'll both rise together as well as if they were in a coffin of gold!"

Again she began to weep; but it was of short continuance this time.

"And now won't you put Eugene's name in the book? and we'll go live there again, for it's hard to keep him away, and he is always pressing me to go with him to the priest. And we have put a new coat of thatch upon the little cabin, and maybe God would be good to us, and the bees would thrive, and the hungry year may never come on us again."

It was hard to resist such an appeal; especially when so easy an act would make a young and attached couple happy. But when I reflected upon the prospects in life upon which they were about to marry—nothing but a few acres of worthless heather, the cabin and all the land attached worth only 7s. 6d. a year, and fit for nothing but to feed bees—I felt that, in granting her request, I was only perpetuating the very system which had killed her father and mother; and, if extended now again, could not possibly lead to any thing but the utmost want and misery. To think of this noble youth and innocent and lovely maiden—such a handsome, loving couple as they were—squating on this miserable plot of irreclaimable mountain-side! I could not bear to think of it, so I resolved, if I could, to save them from so unworthy a fate.



"Well, Mary, I have heard all you have to say, and I would gladly do any thing in my power to serve you and Eugene,\* but I cannot bear the thought of a handsome girl like you, and a fine manly boy like him, settling down for life on this miserable patch on the side of a barren mountain. I am thinking it would be far better to try your fortune in America together, and go out like the other emigrants, so many of whom were pressing to get their names down to-day."

Mary was silent for a little. At last she said—

"Well, your honor, I often thought it would be better, sure enough, to try our fortune in America, than to marry and settle on that small patch of barren land where my little place is; but I couldn't bear to think of going out on charity as a pauper. I never yet got poor-relief from the workhouse; and I wouldn't wish to go to America with the likes of the emigrants your honor is now sending out."

"I understand your scruples," I replied, "so I will propose another plan. What do you think if Eugene were to go out first—just for one year—and see whether the country would suit you and him? Let him return at the end of the year; and if he does not like America, then I will put his name in the books as tenant for your own little place, or probably I shall be able to give you and him a better farm by that time."

"I would be loth to part with him for a whole long year," said Mary, looking lovingly upon the bashful Eugene; "but still I think it might be the best way after all; for, no doubt, it is a poor place to settle on. But Eugene has no money to go out with, and I have little or none to help him, and he couldn't go without that."

"He shall not fail for want of funds; I will lend him the money for his voyage. If he return rich, he will repay me; if not, why it can't be helped."

"Your honor is very good," replied she, looking mournfully at Eugene; "but what will I do without him; and where will I go while he is away?"

"You can stay at mother's, dear, while I am away," broke in Eugene, who seemed suddenly to awake to an energy he had not before exhibited. "You well know she always loved you as a daughter, and she will care for you for my sake as well as for your own."

"I believe your honor's right," said Mary, turning to me; "let him go and try his fortune for one year; but mind," she added, as she looked toward the lad—"mind, Eugene, you must swear to me on the Book you will come back—rich or poor, I don't care which—within the one year."

"I will swear it to you freely," replied Eugene, who seemed suddenly to find his tongue and all his other energies at the prospect of such an opening.

"And will your honor promise, on the word of a gentleman, to give us back the little place, or get us another better one when he returns, if he won't take me out with him again?" asked Mary, with an appealing look.

"Indeed I will; I faithfully promise it, if I am alive and here."

"Well, then, let it be so," said the weeping Mary; "and now the sooner the better. When will your honor give him the money that he may go at once?"

"To-morrow morning. He shall also have a new suit of clothes, as fast as the tailor can make them, and I have no doubt he will get into immediate employment."

Mary looked at her intended husband, and at once perceived that a man's energy and courage had suddenly risen within him. He was no longer a sheepish boy, patronized and brought forward by her; and he took upon himself the unaccustomed task of comforting and patronizing her.

"Mary dear, don't fret; as sure as the sun is in the heaven, I'll come back; I know I will, and this will be the last parting we will ever have. The gentleman has advised us for our good. The barren lot on the mountain-side is no place for the likes of you and me to settle. I'll go seek my fortune in America; and, please God, I'll surely succeed; and then I'll come back for my own darlin', and take her out along with me. For God's sake, master, let us be quick; for I dar'n't rest, or think of leaving Mary, or maybe I couldn't go out at all."

Mary threw her arms about Eugene's neck, and—utterly regardless of my presence—sobbed and wept like a little child. Her patronizing

air was utterly gone, and she addressed him as a lover who had proved himself worthy of her affections.

"Eugene," she said, "I know well I need not fear for your love if you were ten thousand miles away. Ye have proved it too often for me to doubt it for a moment now. Go, and God be with you; but—mind you come back within the year, *whether ye be rich or whether ye be poor*—if rich, ye will be welcome, and if poor, ye will then be doubly welcome to your own darlin' Mary. *Never forget that.*"

She then turned to me, and, holding out her hand as a countess might have done, she continued:

"Thank your honor much for your kindness; I'll never forget it, either in this world or the next."

In a few days Eugene appeared before me, clad in a new and comfortable suit.

I gave him his passage-money, and a couple of pounds over, that he might be able to go up the country, and look for employment at once. He thanked me in a manly, open way, and departed.

My time and attention were so much occupied with the onerous duties in which I was then engaged, that though I often thought of Mary and her lover, yet I never had an opportunity of making special inquiries about her; but, one day, she sought me again as I was walking in the same grounds; and, coming up to me with a countenance beaming with pleasure, she showed me a letter from Eugene. It was not long, nor what most people would call very interesting; but he told her he was in full employment with a good and kind man; that he had already saved seven pounds out of his earnings, and he hoped, before very long, to come back and claim his prize, and carry his darling Mary off to a far home he was even then preparing for her. This was about six or seven months after he left, and she had remained sometimes in her "own little place," as she called it, and sometimes with his mother, ever since.

About five months after the last interview, I was walking alone along the sea-shore at Kenmare, when I was again waylaid by the handsome Spanish beauty; but this time she was accompanied by a young man. She looked grave, though happy, as she walked lovingly by his side, and her patronizing ways had altogether departed from her. I looked carefully at the young man. He was tall and strong; his beard was massive, and reached almost to his chest; his face was handsome, but sunburnt and weather-beaten; and his whole appearance was as little like her lover Eugene as it was possible for it to be.

I stood still as the pair approached me, looking intently from one to the other. Mary and the man came quite close up to me, and—as neither of them addressed me—I was the first to speak.

"How is this, Mary?" said I, "and who is this man who accompanies you? You surely do not mean to say you have cast off Eugene, and taken up with another man?"

Mary leaped nearly a foot from the ground as I said so. "I knew your honor wouldn't know him!" cried she in a sudden ecstacy of joy. "Why this is Eugene himself! Sure didn't he deceive me when he first came into the cabin, and why would your honor know him? Look at him now, and tell me if he is not grown a real man in earnest. Turn round, Eugene, and show yourself;" and, assuming her old patronizing way for a moment, she turned him round and round for me to look at and admire, while he submitted with a loving, tender look of admiration at his bride.

"And so this is indeed Eugene come back," I exclaimed, "and such a fine, manly-looking fellow too. I hope you have prospered, Eugene, and that you will now take out Mary to a new and happy home far better and richer than her little place on the barren mountain."

Eugene was about to reply, when Mary leaped up, and caught him round the neck with her arms.

"Oh, Eugene!" cried she—almost in hysterics between joy and anxiety—"take me away with you soon, oh take me away, we cannot go too soon to please me!" Then—turning rapidly to me—she said, in a joyous and altered voice—

"He has got a fine place of his own now, and twenty acres of good land, and a grand wooden house, in which he says I can live as comfortable as any lady. Oh, Eugene darling," cried she, turning to him again, "take me away—take me away, and let us go to our new home, and never know sorrow or hunger more!"

She burst into tears, and, clinging to his neck, kissed him over and over again, till he gently took her in his arms, and placed her sitting—still sobbing like a child—on a bank of grass close by.

\* "Eugene" is a common Christian name amongst the peasantry in that part of the country, probably of Spanish origin.

"Sir," said he, "I have to thank you for your kindness. I have brought back with me the money you lent me, and am now ready to repay you. I have a neat place to bring Mary to, and all reasonable comforts for her. I could have made it better, had I waited another year; but I promised in your presence not to let more than one year pass without returning, whether I came rich or poor. I have come back according to my promise. If not rich, at least with enough to give her plenty to eat, and a warm, comfortable home; and I hope soon to make it better. To-morrow we go to Cork: we are to be married there. The next day we sail for the West. May God bless you, sir; I will never forget your kindness." And he placed his passage-money in my hand.

Mary sat listening while he spoke, sobbing and crying all the while. He lifted her gently up. She seized my hand and kissed it, covering it with her tears. Then suddenly smiling, while the large drops trembled in her eyes, she gave me one grateful and happy look, and left the sea-shore with her lover.

## SKETCHES OF EARLY LIFE IN BOSTON.

### No. I.

HOW THERE CAME TO BE SUCH A PLACE AS BOSTON.

LONDON, August 31, 1629. The great Buckingham, murdered in the cause of royalty, is buried to-day with pomp and circumstance in Westminster Abbey. Funeral bells are clanging, muffled drums are rolling, solemn trumpets are wailing, sable plumes are nodding, while the long procession creeps through the streets of the great city to the venerable church by the Thames, where the bones of the illustrious dead are to be laid away in the darkness. A mournful day, perhaps, to a little circle of noble relatives and friends; but a holiday to the populace, who know no difference between a splendid funeral like this and a coronation. It is enough for them that business is suspended, and a gorgeous spectacle exhibited; but whether a young prince comes to the crown, or an old king is buried, they consider as a matter comparatively unimportant.

While this pageant is going on, some ten or twenty men have been deliberating all day upon a matter, of little interest at the time to any but themselves, but which is destined to affect the world, ages after all the Buckinghams and Stuarts have passed into oblivion. They have been in session for two long days, and now, as night draws near, they have reached their final decision. Candles are lighted, the parchment is laid upon the table, and one by one these men append their names to a document—you may see it to-day in the archives of Massachusetts, yellow and worn, and the ink almost faded out—by which the patent and government of the Massachusetts Bay Company are transferred to New England, with the understanding that the members of the company will also transport themselves and their families thither.

Thus far this has been known only as a trading association, and, when they came together, their talk was of fisheries, beavers, and the profits that would probably be derived from their investments over the sea; and in the inventory of articles to be sent to the colony we read of "all sorts of seed-grain, stones of all sorts of fruits, saffron-heads, madder-roots, currant-plants, quince-kernels, liquorice-seed, tame-turkeys," and so on. In fitting out the ship *Talbot*—calculated to carry a hundred passengers and thirty-five mariners, and to make her voyage in about three months—there are provided "six tons of water, forty-five tons of beer, one cask of Malaga, one of Canary, and twenty gallons of distilled liquors."

Applications have been made from time to time by various classes of persons for a free passage to the new settlement in America: as, for instance, Mr. John Betts urges the somewhat indefinite claim that "he is able to discover divers things for the good and advancement of the plantation;" one Mr. Gardner is represented as "an able and expert man in divers faculties;" a French physician "gives good commendation both of his sufficiency and of his godly life and conversation." In the

records of the company there are three professions mentioned, the members of which are to be specially encouraged to emigrate to New England, and identify their interests with those of the colony—"vine-dressers, men skilful in making pitch, and ministers."

But there were other matters working in the mind and heart of the members of the Massachusetts Bay Company, besides those mentioned in the patent, and there were reasons which led to the decision reached on the 31st of August, that are alluded to very vaguely in the resolutions passed that day. It was not merely to raise madder—poor returns those roots must have yielded in our cold soil—and manufacture pitch, that they determined to expatriate themselves and take up their abode in a foreign land. *What* their purpose was, we shall find out after they have arrived on these shores; *what God's* purpose was in sending them here, we shall know only after the lapse of generations.

The winter is passed in making the necessary preparations for their expedition, and in the month of March a fleet of eleven sail, with seven hundred souls on board, was gathered in the harbor of Southampton and elsewhere, waiting for a favorable wind. Mr. Winthrop and other leading men embarked on board the *Arbella*, and in the cabin of this ship drew up and signed a touching and affectionate farewell to "their brethren in and of the Church of England," from which they had not as yet separated, asking their sympathy and prayers, "as those whom God had placed nearest His throne of mercy."

The journals kept by the voyagers are not very copious or prolific in incident, but they are sunny and cheerful; in fine weather, we are told how "the sailors played wag with the children;" Mr. Winthrop writes home to his wife in England: "Our boys slept as soundly at night under their rug as they ever did in Groton;" and at last, in the beautiful month of June, they came in sight of Cape Ann and the Isle of Shoals, and found themselves surrounded by little shallops which had put out from the shore to meet them. By the 6th of July, the eleven ships had all arrived safely in Massachusetts Bay, and the new-comers established themselves at various points; "they who had health to labor fell to building;" but sickness and death soon began to make sad inroads upon their ranks, and not less than a hundred of the faint-hearted took the first opportunity to return to England. "And glad we were," says the historian of the times, "to be rid of them."

One man, however, who seems to have been in remarkably good spirits, relieves himself in the following extraordinary effusion: "Whiles our houses were building, I did endeavour to make a survey of the country. The more I looked, the more I liked it; and, when I had more seriously considered of the beauty of the place, with all her fair endowments, I did not think that in all the known world it could be paralleled. For so many goodly groups of trees; dainty fine round rising hillocks; delicate fair large plains, sweet crystal fountains, and clear running streams that turn in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweet a murmuring noise to hear, as would ever lull the senses with delight asleep, so pleasantly do they glide upon the pebble-stones, jetting most jocundly when they do meet; and hand in hand run down to Neptune's court, which they owe to him as sovereign lord of all the springs: which made the land to me seem paradise; for in mine eye, 'twas Nature's masterpiece: her chiefest magazine of all, where lives her store: if this land be not rich, then is the whole world poor!"

Truth obliges us to add that this poetical gentleman, who went rollicking about the country while others were at work building houses, proved to be a very uncomfortable member of society, and gave more trouble to the colonists than any other person within their jurisdiction.

The first meeting of the company after their arrival in America was held at Charlestown. Opposite to this place, on the south side of the river, lay a peninsula, called by the Eng-

lish *Trimountain*, from the three hills which looked in the distance like separate islands, and by the Indians *Shawmut*, or, a spring of water. The only inhabitant of this spot was the Rev. Mr. Blaxton, a clergyman of the Church of England, who, dissatisfied with the turn things were taking at home, had betaken himself to the wilderness, that he might do and think as he pleased. Attracted mainly by the superior quality of the springs of water, the company enter into negotiations with Mr. Blaxton for permission to occupy a portion of the land, to which he courteously assents. After a while, finding his freedom somewhat straitened by his new neighbors, he decides to sell the whole peninsula to these settlers, which he does for the sum of thirty pounds, and betakes himself to the banks of what is now known as the Blackstone River, "having," as he remarked, "escaped from the hands of the Lord Bishops in England, only to fall into the hands of the Lord Brethren."

On the 7th of September, 1630, it was ordered "that Trimountain shall be called Boston."

This is, in brief, the way in which there came to be such a place as Boston. Two hundred and thirty years ago, it was a little village that lay nestled near the water, under the shadow of a green hill. A single ferry-boat connected the almost insulated town with the adjoining country. Warders kept watch all night on the summits of the three wooded elevations that towered above the peninsula, ready to light the beacon-fires and discharge the "loud-babbling guns," whenever the wild whoop of the Indian might break the stillness. The cattle grazed, and the corn grew, and the forest-trees moaned, all around the little village at the foot of the hill. Once or twice in a month, an English bark or a French pinnace dropped her anchor in the quiet bay, and nearly three-quarters of a century elapse before a post-office is opened, or a mail runs, or a newspaper is published. In 1633, the taxation of Boston and seven adjacent towns amounted to only ninety-four pounds.

What Boston is to-day, who does not know? *Is it not written?* Who is not familiar with the names of her statesmen and journalists and philosophers and poets and novelists and historians? Who has not heard some of the great divines of Boston preach, or some of her great lawyers plead, or some of her great lecturers discourse, or some of her great orators declaim? What region of the land is there that has not felt their influence? Who has not heard of her great physicians, her men of science, and her princely merchants? What great societies have originated there; what reforms have been started there; what new thoughts she has given to the world, and what noble institutions she has established!

Who can have failed to hear of "Boston Common," with its aged elm, last survivor of the primeval forest, now kept from falling to pieces by iron clamps and rods, its beauty and grace well-nigh departed; and its venerable "frog-pond," from which no croak of frog has issued for many a year—nothing but a shallow paved bowl to-day, which the boys could drink dry in one or two summer afternoons, if it were not replenished by the tall fountain hard by?

Who has not heard of the State-House, with its somewhat adipose dome, which, of late years, has changed its tints at little intervals, now assuming a cold leaden hue, now a sober brown, and at last flaming into brilliant yellow, and which, it is proposed, some day, when the treasury is full and jobs are scarce, to cover all over with gold? Whose feet have not trod with awe the chamber where "The Great and General Court" solemnly deliberates—under the symbolical cod that swims in the upper firmament—and passes from year to year marvellous sumptuary laws, as the fathers did of old?

Whose blood has not kindled at mention of Faneuil Hall, "cradle of liberty," which, for nearly a century, has never failed to rock whenever the goddess of freedom has brought a new bantling into the world?

Who has not heard of Quincy Market, so massive and so clean, where every edible creature that walks, or flies, or swims,

or creeps, may be bought; and of the old State-House? Why has the ruthless hand of innovation been allowed to mar its ancient beauty? And of the Hancock House; alas, that it is now among the things that were?

Who has not heard of the stately warehouses of granite and marble, in which Boston stands absolutely unrivalled; and of her multitudinous railways, piercing the city at every point for more than one-half of her circumference?

Who can have failed to hear the "Great Organ," which thunders at high noon on every Wednesday and Saturday, for the delight of all who can afford to pay a moderate fee?

There are spots in the sun; there are sombre days in Italy; there may be weak points in the Constitution of the United States; and so a microscopic scrutiny might possibly disclose some defects even in Boston. Her streets are not very wide, and many of them are uncomfortably crooked. Most of the churches built there during the transition period of architecture, when honest old meeting-houses were replaced by Grecian banks and Gothic castles and gingerbread nondescripts—set apart for public worship—are as ugly as the perverse device of man could make them. Neither do her public statues do the city much honor. It is sad to think that, in the ages to come, Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett will be supposed to have resembled the bronze effigies which Boston now calls after their name. There may also be a little excess of self-respect occasionally manifested among the citizens of our modern Athens; and there certainly is manifested, at times, a tyranny of opinion and a severity of denunciation, under the guise of freedom and philanthropy and reform, that would be endured in few other places on the face of the earth; but, after all, it has been a great blessing to the nation that there came to be such a town as Boston.

And now we shall go on to see how the people conducted themselves there, two hundred years ago.

## HISTORICAL ART IN THE UNITED STATES.

TO speak of historical art in the United States is first to remark the want of it. But if we have instructed and sensitive minds, we shall be grateful for the absence of what is commonly understood as historical art. For we must believe that the painting of past historical events, which is to say, the representation of the destructive and aggrandizing action in war of great nations, does not offer us a civilizing spectacle; it rather justifies the rebuking sentence of Proudhon concerning the most boasted French historical pictures: "the fame of Horace Vernet is the accusation of a whole people."

Historical painting, like historical writing, before Voltaire, has been chiefly devoted to illustrate wars of conquest and the exploits of great families; it has ministered to the vanity of kings and depicted the trivial or striking actions of great men, but has ignored the mightiest agents of change and progress in the history of the human race; it has embodied the fictions of tradition, but turned its eyes from the crumbling, monumental facts of civilization. If it has perpetuated something of the splendor of combined human action, it has shown also the distressing tragedy of the immolation of the individual man. Versailles, the prodigal and corrupting monument of kingly ostentation, is the reproach of French art, and Horace Vernet is at the height of his power as an historical painter in Versailles. But Vernet, decorated by every crowned head of Europe, was, as a man and artist, essentially vulgar and unchristian. But unchristian as he is, he is without an idea, save that of action, which would have pleased a Greek of the age of Phidias. Only Frenchmen and brutal Americans can take pleasure in his harshly-colored, positive, and violent scenes of carnage, and of the marches and evolutions of great armies.

Ary Scheffer is at his lowest inspiration when making historical pictures for Louis Philippe, and it is but necessary to



look at Gérôme's work in Versailles to see an exhibition of the tame and vain service of art illustrating an aspect of official life.

When we say historical art, we mean such pictures as make the galleries of European capitals so tiresome, and Versailles so shocking to a lover of humanity. The historical pictures of the Luxembourg and of Versailles represent the average production of historical painters; and in art, as in poetry, the average production may possibly instruct, but it does not make the glory of a people.

Historical painting in America begins with Trumbull. It has mortified every true artist from his day to our own—that is, if artists have exercised their critical sense. American historical art is still mortifying to us, save in the example by Mr. Winalow Homer, the "Prisoners from the Front," which, in spite of its rough execution, and because of its truth and vigor, arrested the attention of polished Parisians, and fixed itself in the memory of so many of us as an actual, and representative group out of our recent struggle, and which alone, of all our contemporary paintings, has the first claim to a place at Washington as a true bit of history, without animosity or partisanship, but frankly expressive of the elements in our Southern society that fomented and fed the rebellion against a beneficent and unaggressive Government. We must all regret that it is not permanently placed on the walls of the Capitol.

But historical art in America does not mean such undazzling and unpretending pictures as the "Prisoners from the Front;" it means rather the composed, the invented, the false, the conventional paintings which we shall not have the bad taste to mention, but which have won appropriations from Congress, and are the disgrace of the nation. Of such historical art we have too much; and yet, compared with the abundance of bad historical painting in France and England, we must be grateful that we have so little of it.

Historical art, under official patronage, has not given anything comparable to the less imposing works silently solicited by nature and truth, which have made, and will always make, their own historic record through the artistic genius of a people.

Walk through the Continental galleries of historic art, and look for representations of the mightiest events of our modern civilization! You look in vain. You will meet fictitious representations of the Birth and Crucifixion of Jesus Christ; you will discover the painted inventions of the battles of the Crusaders; the odious succession of French exploits; episodes in the life of that great humbug Louis XIV.; pictures of that ruthless destroyer Napoleon I.; pictures of that cold-eyed usurper Napoleon III. But is this the noblest service of historical art? And should it oftenest give us the monotonous and tiresome delineations of the scourges of humanity? The past has something else to show us. The building of cathedrals; the invention of gunpowder; the invention of printing; the advent of the mail; the Declaration of Independence; the Emancipation Proclamation! Historical painting is inadequate to embody the significance of these subjects, and yet they are the great historic facts of mightiest meaning.

Trumbull painted the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," but it can hardly be called an impressive picture; it might be a conference of the Continental fathers for any other purpose. It is, strictly speaking, our most important example of American historical art up to our recent war. But it is historical art not on a level with its subject. The talent of the artist was inadequate, his training still more so. And what can an ordinary painter make out of historical events which do not occur under picturesque or tragic circumstances?

The only historical art we should be judicious in asking, is that which the contemporary genius leaves as its personal record of its personal experience. In this sense, great portraits of grand or infamous citizens; noble architecture; true landscapes: sincere paintings by any gifted artist—these shall make true historical art in the United States. Less than these

—which may be commissioned by bought committees—may come into our public halls at the solicitations of political representatives, ignorant of the character and service of art. Of such are the humiliating pictures at the Capitol at Washington, of which we can only say, they are on a level with the artless spirits of our politicians.

No; we cannot ask for historical art in America as it is commonly understood. Give us art that shall become historical; not art that is intended to be so. Doubtless, that in proportion to the excellence of the painter's work, it will survive as the cherished expression of the artistic genius of the period in which it was produced. But any thing so impressive as Gérôme's "Cæsar," or splendid as Couture's "Romains de la Décadence," we shall not produce, for the materials of such impressive and splendid historical art are wanting. The assassination of the good Lincoln offers no picturesque and beautiful adjuncts. It is a death profoundly shocking, but devoid of the dignity of action, and without the majestic situation of the fall of the august Roman in the senate-chamber, at the feet of Pompey's statue. Cæsar fell amid chaste and beautiful architectural forms, in a vast space, and among figures clad in flowing draperies. Without either the picturesque or beautiful, the tragic is unsuited to painting, however much it may impress in a narrative.

We must abandon the pretension to historical painting as it is commonly understood. It is fatal enough to talent in France, in spite of a few masterpieces. The finest pictures are not those which are painted to represent historical events, to which the frenzy of the hour gives a false splendor and an exaggerated importance. The finest pictures are those which represent Nature, or the personal sentiment of the painter uncorrupted by the bad taste of his time. Historical art is the best contemporary art; it is portrait-painting at its highest level; it is *genre* painting; it is landscape-painting; it is the bust of Vitellius in Rome; it is the statue of Lorenzo de Medici in Florence; it is the portrait of the wife of Francesco del Giocondo in Paris. In our own country it is made by Stuart's and Trumbull's, by Allston's and Inman's heads; by Copley's, by Malbone's. Tomorrow it will be the best work left by the best painters and sculptors of to-day. Any other historical art in our country must be historical fiction and conventional misrepresentation, imposing upon the ignorant and unreflecting, and, at best, no more than a composed, a studied, and lifeless piece of pictorial art, oftenest exciting the scorn of critics, and making the judicious grieve.

If no other cause but the want of the means of study could be cited, it would be sufficient to justify the prediction of a poor form of historical painting in this country; for historical painting is dependent upon museums, trained models, and the prolonged discipline, which is exacted in the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. But the École des Beaux-Arts has not made the glory of French art; therefore we can expect a noble and beautiful form of art without museums, trained models, and the École des Beaux-Arts. But we cannot expect a comprehensive and adequate historical art without the museums, monuments, and *retrospective* genius of Europe.

In France, with all its historical accumulations, among the vast number of historical pictures there are but few veritable and satisfactory examples of historical painting. Gérôme's Roman subjects, Müller's "Conciergerie during the Reign of Terror," Delaroche's paintings illustrative of English history, Delacroix's "Barricade," are the most striking. If all the artistic genius of France, disciplined by study, and urged by a passion for the past, has but seldom fulfilled the high conditions of noble and impressive historical pictures, what fatuity for us to expect our painters to produce great examples of historical art! The American artist must content himself with his contemporaries; the American citizen must believe that only his current achievements are within the reach of the pictorial genius of his fellow-countrymen.

## THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

## CHAPTER I.—UP-HILL WORK.

"THERE are just two objections to your plan," said Woodville to his companion, in the *coups* of the diligence, as it rolled and rumbled along the Simplon road, soon after leaving Domo d'Ossola, advancing toward the Lago Maggiore; "one is the unconscionable hour at which we must start to accomplish it; the other is the appalling length of the walk."

"Trust me," replied the more energetic Alexander, smiling—indeed, almost laughing outright—at the strong expressions his friend had employed; "you will be rewarded a thousandfold; the prospect from the summit of Montarone is, by all accounts, one of the finest on the south side of the Alps. We shall not only look down upon the lake of Orta, which so few English tourists visit, but we shall see Monte Rosa in all its glory by sunrise, and a wonderful range of mountains into the bargain. As to fatigue, that is a difficulty easily got over—you can take a mule or a donkey, and then you will have six legs against my two."

"If I surrender," said the less robust, or less adventurous, of the travellers, "it must be on two conditions: first, that you guarantee me a fine day—"

"That I do," said Alexander, intrepidly.

"And, in the next place, you must promise me two clear days' halt at Orta."

Alexander smiled and shook his head, demurring to the second clause. He felt quite sure one day would suffice for all the recruiting necessary after an excursion, which, to him, seemed a mere bagatelle. But Woodville would not abate a minute of the forty-eight hours, and, after some more discussion, his friend had no alternative but to yield.

"Ah, my friend," said the other, as soon as the point was settled, "I have neither your vigor nor your marvellous passion for uphill work; you show it in every thing as well as in mountaineering."

"Your profession does not exact the same continuous labor as mine," said Alexander.

"You are mistaken there," said Woodville; "there is no success in painting any more than in law or any thing else, without the energy and toil in which you exult, and of which I am constitutionally incapable. With your force and courage, I feel that I could be a Titian. Even now, after the compact I have made with you, I almost doubt whether I shall be physically equal to keep my part of the engagement. What will you do if you fail to get me out of bed at three in the morning?"

"There will be nothing for it but oxen and wain-ropes," said Alexander.

"Yet, after all," continued the artist, "I am not a sluggard in principle. How often do I slug in bed on the long, bright summer mornings, speculating on the advantages of early rising, thinking of the wealth and distinction which men of your stirring habits are sure to win by their superior activity!"

"I love my pillow too," said his companion, "but I fancy I sleep more than you in a given time."

"Another proof of what I say: you sleep strenuously, as you do every thing. I have never seen you at your work, but I can imagine what you must be at business, from what I have seen of you on this tour, which is only your relaxation. You seem to me to have an unnatural appetite for exertion."

Alexander made a gesture of dissent.

"I know you have," continued Woodville; "as you fix your eye on that peak yonder, you are burning to scale it. Its crags encourage you as much as they dishearten me. Confess, now, if the diligence were to stop for half an hour, you would at least make the attempt."

Alexander neither admitted nor denied the impeachment; he merely said that, in his opinion, what seemed to be in some men a passion for toil was, in many cases, the mere result of a still more ardent passion for repose. "Would you know," he added, "what the object is at the bottom of all my plans, as far as I know myself—the *terminus*, to use a technical phrase, to all my aspirations? Do you see that old peasant at his cottage door, basking in the setting sun? He looks as if his

working-days were over; he is seated under a tree of his own planting, enjoying, literally eating, the fruit of his own industry. Well, I am not conscious of any more elevated motive than to attain to that poor husbandman's fortune, and, after some thirty or forty years of hard work at the bar, sit down like him and spend the evening of my days under my own fig-tree."

Woodville was so long without answering, that Alexander fancied that either his long speech, or the monotonous roll of the lumbering coach, helped by the advancing shadows of the hills, had lulled him to sleep; but, in fact, his sentimental friend was only musing with half-closed eyes in his corner on the beautiful though hackneyed image with which his companion had left off. He was also fixing in his memory, for the subject of a future sketch, the details of the rural picture to which his attention had been drawn. It had just the kind of interest to invite his indolent poetic pencil, a lovely bit of landscape, with a thought and touch of humanity in it. In such subjects Woodville's talent lay, and he might have been without a rival in it, had it not been for the half-mental, half-physical infirmity which always prevented him from doing his fine conceptions justice. He threw a charming thought upon canvas or into his sketch-book, and left it there; began a hundred subjects, and seldom finished one. He would paint one side of a face exquisitely, with an eye to haunt your memory forever, and leave the other for a future day, which never came. His studio in Paris, in a *quatrième* of the Faubourg St. Honoré, where he had lived for some years, and where Alexander first made his acquaintance, was a museum of abortive undertakings, evidence of as much genius as can exist without the power of sustained exertion. His very art was a proof of his instability, for he had not been brought up to it, but had dropped the medical profession for the pencil; he had actually taken a degree in medicine, but nothing annoyed him more than when a friend, in ignorance or thoughtlessness, called him Doctor, though every now and then he betrayed himself by the technical knowledge he displayed, particularly when he expatiated on his own complaints, of which he had a wonderful and amusing variety for a man who had never been seriously ill in his life. As to practice, he had as much now as ever he had, though he had only two patients: his old servant, Honorine, when she was rheumatic or dyspeptic, and himself. He dosed both patients freely; but, as his views had latterly been homeopathic, the harm his prescriptions did was probably only infinitesimal.

To return from this long digression. Woodville proved he was still awake by the one word with which he resumed the thread of the dialogue.

"Alone?" he said, looking full and interrogatively at his companion, who had, perhaps, been pursuing pretty much the same train of ideas, or, after so long a pause, he would have hardly understood that the question related to the fig-tree.

"Probably," said Alexander, with a smile; "the peasant was alone, as you must have observed."

"His better-half was probably within-doors," said Woodville; and, as he spoke, the wheels ceased to rumble, the bells to jingle, and the diligence stopped, amidst a jabbering of beggars and ostlers, in front of the principal inn of Baveno.

Now there is a hotel there of considerable pretensions; but its best inn was a poor one between twenty-five and thirty years ago, which was about the date of Frederick Alexander's first Continental tour. Italy, indeed, is not an eating country; she has made great advances in freedom, but in gastronomy she is behind the age. We must only hope that, when her political organization is complete, she will begin to cultivate the arts of the kitchen, and remember that she is as much the land of Apicius and Lucullus as of Cicero and Dante.

Our tourists had as sorry a supper served up to them as any cook in the whole Peninsula could have prepared; but, under the circumstances, this was no great trial of temper to either of the young men: the one was too fresh, and had too healthy an appetite, to turn up his nose, at the end of a long journey, at any dish that was eatable; while the other was too jaded and done up, after thirty-six hours' tumbling in the diligence, to care much for any thing but a bottle of wine and his pillow. Indeed, their project for next day was argument enough for roosting with the least possible delay, which poor Woodville did in half an hour after their arrival, leaving his friend at the table charged, as usual, with all the necessary arrangements for the morrow's expedition. It diverted Alexander, though he took care not

to show it, to observe the apprehension with which the nervous and vacillating artist evidently contemplated a march, which was no great feat, even in those days, when there was no Alpine Club in existence. Woodville made an unavailing attempt, before he retired, to reopen the question, suggesting the propriety of quietly circumnavigating the Lago Maggiore before they left its shores, but Alexander was as steady as a rock to the programme that had been arranged. They were to return to the Lago Maggiore by way of Arona, and from thence take all the lakes in order.

Left to himself, the young barrister (he was in about his three-and-twentieth year, two or three years Woodville's junior) first finished his supper, even clearing off two plates of walnuts and dry biscuits, which had probably been destined to do duty for the whole of the touring season. Then he hired a guide, with two donkeys—one for his comrade, one for the luggage; after which he called for the bill, settled it while he was undressing, and, in less than five minutes, was sound asleep, sleeping unconquerably through all the opposition which a sultry night in August, conspiring with legions of mosquitoes, offered to his rest. Poor Woodville, on the other hand, notwithstanding his extreme fatigue, would hardly have got an hour's sleep in the face of such a formidable league, had it not been for a phial of aconite which he had always with him in his neat portable medicine-chest, that Alexander took to be the paint-box. In fact, the artist seemed

to himself to have scarcely closed his eyes when he was startled by the matin song of the asses under his window, as they were led into the courtyard. He dozed again for a moment in the midst of this agreeable serenade; but it was short-lived bliss, for now came his ruthless companion tapping at his door, and thrice was the tap repeated, always *crescendo*, before Woodville realized its terrible significance. The third tap was accompanied with sounds still nearer and more appalling. A strong hand was laid gently on his shoulder, and a hollow voice, not without pity in it, accosted him with—

"Woodville, your hour is come!"

Alexander was humane enough to feel that he was almost acting the part of Abhorson in the play, when he requests "Master Barnardine to get up and be hanged."

But Woodville proved a man of his word, and the oxen and wain-ropes were not wanting, although the clocks of Baveno were only striking three as they left the hotel. The guide went first, leading the beast that carried the baggage; Woodville followed on his own animal, which really looked as if it had six legs, those of the rider being rather long, and almost touching the ground. The rear was brought up by the bold limb of the law. On one point he had been rather too bold;

in covenanting for the weather, he had gone a little too far. When they started, however, it was still too dark to read the signs of the sky; as they looked back over the lake, even the white terraces of the Isola Bella were scarcely distinguishable in the gray gloom, but the air was fresh and balmy, and had such a stimulating effect on Woodville that he soon began to forget his grievances, and, finding his seat tolerably easy at first, his spirits rose, and he felt even grateful to his friend for combating his *eis inertia*. The ascent was tedious, for the long-eared brutes had their inflexible regulation pace, beyond which, on the most favorable ground, a forest of cudgels would have failed to urge them; but it was so much the easier for the friends to chat. Alexander asked how the artist had got through the night. He had found his own bed clean and comfortable.

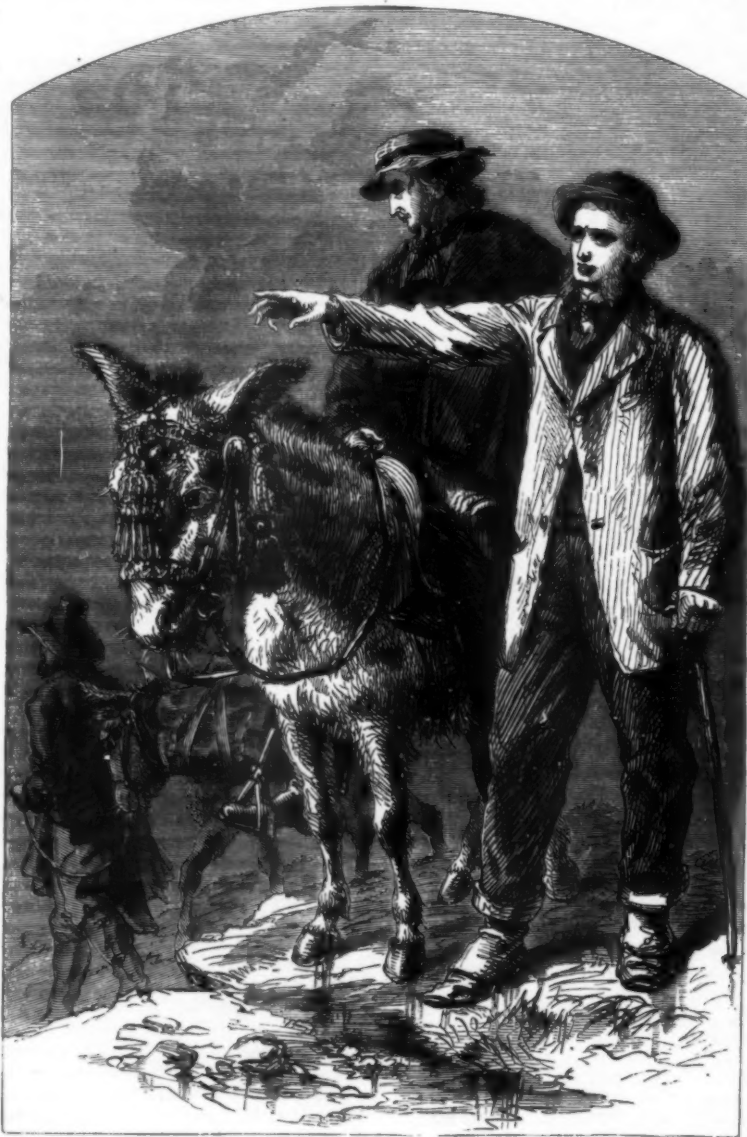
"The beds are often better than they look," said Woodville; "but it is not enough for me that a bed is clean; it ought to be, like Caesar's wife, not only clean, but above

suspicion. There may have been no jumpers in mine, but every thing about it suggested that there were; that was enough to put comfort out of the question."

"Don't we do those little jumpers injustice?" said Alexander; "we complain of finding them in our beds, yet where else should one expect to find them? A bed is their *habitat*, as naturalists call it; we go to them, they don't come to us."

"Happy man," cried Woodville, "who can make a joke of all the troubles of life; nothing fatigues you, or worries you, or bites you. If you were an Irish Catholic, you would think the Protestant Church a laughing matter; if you were an Italian, you would be as patient as Job under the Austrian dominion."

"No, no," said Alexander, warmly. "If I were an Irish Catholic,





or, indeed, if I were an Irish Protestant, I should never rest while the Church existed; if I were an Italian, I should never be contented while a German swaggered in the Peninsula."

They were in the middle of a discussion on the prospects of Italy, which, at that period, seemed hopelessly gloomy; when, happening at the top of a sharp rise to face about toward the quarter they came from, the lake, of which they had seen the whole expanse a few minutes before, had disappeared from their view. While they had been chatting, a dense mist, born of the heat of the previous day, had stolen a march on them; and, what was worse, it seemed to be climbing the hills as fast as themselves. Both looked blank, and Woodville reminded his companion of his unlucky guarantee. Alexander put the best face on it, and declared that these Italian mists were of no consequence—they were not like Scotch mists—and he called Woodville's attention to the brow of the mountain, which was perfectly clear. In five minutes they should reach it, and in three more the sun would be up in all his glory.

"Ah, false prophet!" cried the artist, when the five minutes were expired, and they stood indeed on the crown of Montarone; but it was like standing on a few square feet of rock in the midst of an ocean of vapor.

Still Alexander's faith was strong; the vapors would vanish as quick as they came, the might of the sun would disperse them as a justice does a mob with the Riot Act, and then—they would see the grandest spectacle in Europe.

But the sun either refused to do his duty, or the mists were too rebellious; instead of dispersing, they became rapidly condensed into a fine rain, which soon made Woodville feel that, in imitating the early bird, he had brought on himself the fate of the earlier worm. Not even then did the spirits of his friend fail him; and, to keep Woodville from sinking entirely, he insisted (while loading him with all sorts of wraps) on detailing all that he would, could, and should have seen, only for the treachery of the day.

"There," he cried, pointing in one direction, "there is Rosa, the second mountain for sublimity in the Alps, scarcely second to Mont Blanc; I almost fancy I see his outlines; but, no, he is totally invisible. Far southward the cone of Monte Viso—follow my finger; not a bit of him to be seen either. Now carry your eye half round the horizon, northward, and you come to another giant—I forget his name—lost in the fog like his betters. Milan is yonder, as plain as I see you, only for this provoking revolution in the weather, which prevents one from seeing any thing. Orta must be just below us, but the fact is, we can see nothing."

"A good reason for not staying here any longer," said poor Woodville, who was all this time shuddering with cold on his donkey, but too dejected to check his friend's enthusiasm, which was certainly rather untimely.

To make matters worse, not only did the rain increase until it thoroughly drenched them—even Woodville through all his wraps—but they had not been descending long before the track they had been following was suddenly lost, and, when they attempted to confer with the guide, they were unable to understand his *patois*, but he was evidently as much bewildered as themselves; so, after groping about for some time, trying in different directions, there was nothing better to be done than to trust the asses, who had probably often made the same journey. The beasts, however, were not so well acquainted with the town of Orta as they were with another place, called Omegna, on the same lake, but distant from Orta by several miles. At Omegna, accordingly, our travellers arrived, early enough in the day, but in such a pickle as to make it necessary to stop many hours at a wretched cabaret, which could scarcely afford either a breakfast or fire to dry their clothes. The latter was the chief point, and, as soon as it was tolerably well effected, they hired a boat, which landed them late in the evening under the balcony of the Leone d'Oro, the only inn at that time in Orta.

In the Countess Guiccioli's recently published "Recollections of Lord Byron" it is stated that the great poet left behind him, besides a journal of his fatal expedition to Greece, five unpublished cantos of "Don Juan;" and that Moore, who was Byron's literary executor, burned these cantos along with the journal, because they contained some violent attacks on English society.

## WHAT'S MY LOVE LIKE?

TELL me,—What's my love like?

A lily of the May,  
That does not shun the kissing sun,  
Yet keeps its dew all day?  
Yes, and no;  
Fond is she, and coy is she,  
But—whisper low—  
She is more than this to me,  
So, no lily shall she be.

But tell me,—What's my love like?

A little, cooing dove,  
Who feels your breast her safest nest—  
A thing of fear and love?  
Yes, and no;  
Timid she, and tender she,  
But—whisper low—  
She is more than this to me,  
So, no dove my love shall be.

O tell me,—What's my love like?

Perhaps a pearl of girls,  
For whose sweet face the king would place  
His crown upon her curls?  
Yes, and no;  
Worthy of a king is she,  
But—whisper low—  
She is more, and is for me,  
So, no queen my dear will be.

## CRUSOES OF THE AIR.

A RECENT French work, translated and reproduced in America, gives an account of a pretended journey in a balloon across the Continent of Africa. It possesses a certain value in affording us a nearly complete *résumé* of African travel and discovery, and it describes the tribes, animals, and surface of the country with as much accuracy as we usually find in books of travel. The adventures of the aeronauts are varied, amusing, and only a little more wonderful than those that usually befall African travellers. The narrative exhibits all that attention to detail which makes De Foe's works so fascinating. The adventures have an air of plausibility, and even the very ingenious contrivances, described at length, by which the balloon rises or sinks at the will of the aeronauts, seem to the ordinary reader in every way practicable. There is a great charm in the idea of the journey, and the author has exhibited no little ingenuity in transferring to a new element those Crusoe-like adventures, for which all people at all times have so keen a relish. The party consists of three persons: one Dr. Ferguson, of the Royal Geographical Society, of great renown as a traveller; Dick Kennedy, his friend, an open, resolute, headstrong Scotchman, who is a great hunter and a mighty shot; and, lastly, Joe, a servant of Ferguson's, a devoted, whole-souled, incomparable fellow, who looks up to the doctor as the greatest man in the universe.

The expedition proves a triumphant one, and the balloon accomplishes all that the enthusiastic doctor had predicted. "With it," he would say, "every thing is possible; without it, I fall back into the dangers and difficulties as well as the natural obstacles that ordinarily attend such an expedition; with it, neither heat, nor torrents, nor tempests, nor the simoom, nor unhealthy climates, nor wild animals, nor savage men, are to

be feared! If I feel too hot, I can ascend; if too cold, I can come down. Should there be a mountain, I can pass over it; a precipice, I can sweep across it; a river, I can sail beyond it; a storm, I can rise away above it; a torrent, I can skim it like a bird! I can advance without fatigue, I can halt without need of repose! I can soar above the nascent cities! I can speed onward with the rapidity of a tornado, sometimes at the loftiest heights, sometimes only a hundred feet above the soil, while the map of Africa unrolls itself beneath my gaze in the great atlas of the world."

These new Crusoes undergo an abundance of adventure. In one of their halts they are attacked by the savages. In another, while anchored in a forest, the trees are set on fire by the natives. Another tribe lets loose upon them a great number of pigeons, each with its tail garnished with fire. They get becalmed in a desert, and nearly die of thirst. They kill a lion and a lioness with all the expertness of Gordon Cumming himself. We cannot give the space to recount all the extraordinary adventures that befell these novel travellers, but quote the following in full. Once having decided for a halt, their anchors, flung out from the car, were sweeping the excessively tall grass of an immense prairie:

"In truth, it was a charming excursion that they were making now—a veritable navigation on this green, almost transparent sea, gently undulating in the breath of the wind. The little car seemed to cleave the waves of verdure, and, from time to time, coveys of birds of magnificent plumage would rise fluttering from the tall herbage, and speed away with joyous cries. The anchors plunged into this lake of flowers, and traced a furrow that closed behind them, like the wake of a ship.

"All at once a sharp shock was felt—the anchor had caught in the fissure of some rock hidden in the high grass.

"We are fast!" exclaimed Joe.

"These words had scarcely been uttered when a shrill cry rang through the air, and the following phrases, mingled with exclamations, escaped from the lips of our travellers?

"What's that?"

"A strange cry!"

"Look! Why, we're moving!"

"The anchor has slipped!"

"No: it holds, and holds fast too!" said Joe, who was tugging at the rope.

"It's the rock, then, that's moving!"

"An immense rustling was noticed in the grass, and soon an elongated, winding shape was seen rising above it.

"A serpent!" shouted Joe.

"A serpent!" repeated Kennedy, handling his rifle.

"No," said the doctor, "it's an elephant's trunk!"

"An elephant, Samuel?"

"And, as Kennedy said this, he drew his rifle to his shoulder.

"Wait, Dick; wait!"

"That's a fact! The animal's towing us!"

"And in the right direction, Joe—in the right direction."

The elephant was now making some headway, and soon reached a clearing where his whole body could be seen. By his gigantic size, the doctor recognized a male of a superb species. He had two whitish tusks, beautifully curved, and about eight feet in length; and in these the shanks of the anchor had firmly caught. The animal was vainly trying with his trunk to disengage himself from the rope that attached him to the car.

"Get up—go ahead, old fellow!" shouted Joe, with delight, doing his best to urge this rather novel team. "Here is a new style of travelling!—no more horses for me. An elephant, if you please!"

"But where is he taking us to?" said Kennedy, whose rifle itched in his grasp.

"He's taking us exactly to where we want to go, my dear Dick. A little patience!"

"Wig-a-more! wig-a-more! as the Scotch country folks say," shouted Joe, in high glee. "Gee-up! gee-up there!"

The huge animal now broke into a very rapid gallop. He flung his trunk from side to side, and his monstrous bounds gave the car several rather heavy thumps. Meanwhile the doctor stood ready, hatchet in hand, to cut the rope, should need arise.

"But," said he, "we shall not give up our anchor until the last moment."

"This drive, with an elephant for the team, lasted about an hour and a half; yet the animal did not seem in the least fatigued. These immense creatures can go over a great deal of ground, and, from one day to another, are found at enormous distances from where they were last seen, like the whales, whose mass and speed they rival.

"In fact," said Joe, "it's a whale that we have harpooned; and we're only doing just what whalers do when out fishing."

"But a change in the nature of the ground compelled the doctor to vary his style of locomotion. A dense grove of *calmadores* was described on the horizon, about three miles away, on the north of the prairie. So it became necessary to detach the balloon from its draught-animal at last.

"Kennedy was intrusted with the job of bringing the elephant to a halt. He drew his rifle to his shoulder, but his position was not favorable to a successful shot; so that the first ball fired flattened itself on the animal's skull, as it would have done against an iron plate. The creature did not seem in the least troubled by it; but, at the sound of the discharge, he had increased his speed, and now was going as fast as a horse at full gallop.

"The deuce!" ejaculated Kennedy.

"What a solid head!" commented Joe.

"We'll try some conical balls behind the shoulder-joint," said Kennedy, reloading his rifle with care. In another moment he fired.

"The animal gave a terrible cry, but went on faster than ever.

"Come," said Joe, taking aim with another gun, "I must help you, or we'll never end it." And now two balls penetrated the creature's side.

"The elephant halted, lifted his trunk, and resumed his run toward the wood with all his speed; he shook his huge head, and the blood began to gush from his wounds.

"Let us keep up our fire, Mr. Kennedy."

"And a continuous fire, too," urged the doctor, "for we are close on the woods."

Ten shots more were discharged. The elephant made a fearful bound; the car and balloon cracked as though every thing were going to pieces, and the shock made the doctor drop his hatchet on the ground.

The situation was thus rendered really very alarming; the anchor-rope, which had securely caught, could not be disengaged, nor could it yet be cut by the knives of our aeronauts, and the balloon was rushing headlong toward the wood, when the animal received a ball in the eye just as he lifted his head. On this he halted, faltered, his knees bent under him, and he uncovered his whole flank to the assaults of his enemies in the balloon.

"A bullet in his heart!" said Kennedy, discharging one last rifle-shot.

The elephant uttered a long bellow of terror and agony, then raised himself up for a moment, twirling his trunk in the air, and finally fell with all his weight upon one of his tusks, which he broke off short. He was dead."

But, perhaps, the most original of their adventures was an attack by a dozen condors, the most formidable of birds. A battle with birds three thousand feet up in the air! Is not here a new incident for the sensational drama, or the sensational pictorial papers? Is there any thing quite like it in the whole range of romantic adventure?

"The condors flew around them in wide circles, their flight growing gradually closer and closer to the balloon. They swept through the air in rapid, fantastic curves, occasionally precipitating themselves headlong with the speed of a bullet, and then breaking their line of projection by an abrupt and daring angle.

"The doctor, much disquieted, resolved to ascend as to escape this dangerous proximity. He therefore dilated the hydrogen in his balloon, and it rapidly rose.

"But the condors mounted with him, apparently determined not to part company.

"They seem to mean mischief," said the hunter, cocking his rifle.

"And, in fact, they were swooping nearer, and more than one came within fifty feet of them, as if defying the fire-arms.

"By George, I'm itching to let them have it!" exclaimed Kennedy.

"No, Dick; not now! Don't exasperate them needlessly. That would only be exciting them to attack us!"

"But I could soon settle those fellows!"

"You may think so, Dick. But you are wrong!"

"Why, we have a bullet for each of them!"

"And suppose that they were to attack the upper part of the balloon, what would you do? How would you get at them? Just imagine yourself in the presence of a troop of lions on the plain, or a school of sharks in the open ocean! For travellers in the air, this situation is just as dangerous."

"Are you speaking seriously, doctor?"

"Very seriously, Dick."

"Let us wait, then!"

"Wait! Hold yourself in readiness in case of an attack, but do not fire without my orders."

"The birds then collected at a short distance, yet so near that their naked necks, entirely bare of feathers, could be plainly seen, as they stretched them out with the effort of their cries, while their gristly crests, garnished with a comb and gills of deep violet, stood erect with rage. They were of the very largest size, their bodies being more than three feet in length, and the lower surface of their white wings glittering in the sunlight. They might well have been considered winged sharks, so striking was their resemblance to those ferocious rangers of the deep."

"They are following us!" said the doctor, as he saw them ascending with him, "and, mount as we may, they can fly still higher!"

"Well, what are we to do?" asked Kennedy.

The doctor made no answer.

"Listen, Samuel!" said the sportsman. "There are fourteen of those birds; we have seventeen shots at our disposal, if we discharge all our weapons. Have we not the means, then, to destroy them or disperse them? I will give a good account of some of them!"

"I have no doubt of your skill, Dick; I look upon all as dead that may come within range of your rifle, but I repeat that, if they attack the upper part of the balloon, you could not get a sight at them. They would tear the silk covering that sustains us, and we are three thousand feet up in the air!"

"At this moment, one of the ferocious birds darted right at the balloon, with outstretched beak and claws, ready to rend it with either or both."

"Fire! fire at once!" cried the doctor.

"He had scarcely ceased, ere the huge creature, stricken dead, dropped headlong, turning over and over in space as he fell."

"Kennedy had already grasped one of the two-barrelled fowling-pieces and Joe was taking aim with another."

"Frightened by the report, the condors drew back for a moment, but they almost instantly returned to the charge with extreme fury. Kennedy severed the head of one from its body with his first shot, and Joe broke the wing of another."

"Only eleven left," said he.

"Thereupon the birds changed their tactics, and by common consent soared above the balloon. Kennedy glanced at Ferguson. The latter, in spite of his imperturbability, grew pale. Then ensued a moment of terrifying silence. In the next they heard a harsh tearing noise, as of something rending the silk, and the car seemed to sink from beneath the feet of our three aeronauts."

"We are lost!" exclaimed Ferguson, glancing at the barometer, which was now swiftly rising.

"Over with the ballast!" he shouted, "over with it!"

And in a few seconds the last lumps of quartz had disappeared.

"We are still falling! Empty the water-tanks! Do you hear me, Joe? We are pitching into the lake!"

"Joe obeyed. The doctor leaned over and looked out. The lake seemed to come up toward him like a rising tide. Every object around grew rapidly in size while they were looking at it. The car was not two hundred feet from the surface of Lake Tchad."

"The provisions! the provisions!" cried the doctor.

"And the box containing them was launched into space."

"Their descent became less rapid, but the luckless aeronauts were still falling, and into the lake."

"Throw out something—something more!" cried the doctor.

"There is nothing more to throw!" was Kennedy's despairing response.

"Yes, there is!" called Joe, and with a wave of the hand he disappeared like a flash, over the edge of the car.

"Joe! Joe!" exclaimed the doctor, horror-stricken.

"The *Victoria* thus relieved resumed her ascending motion, mounted a thousand feet into the air, and the wind, burying itself in the disintegrated covering, bore them away toward the northern part of the lake."

The title of this amusing and really fascinating narrative is "Five Weeks in a Balloon."

## LANGUAGE AS ONE OF THE SCIENCES.

THE history of Philology closely resembles that of all other sciences. Like them it has passed through its theological, empiric, and positive stages. Just as, in Astronomy, there was a time when the stars were regarded as divine animals, or as "nails fixed in the crystalline sky," or as having no other function than to illuminate the nights of earth—just as, in Geology, there were periods when it was believed that the earth in its present condition was called into being by the work of six solar days, or that the fossils were mere abortive forms, "the sportings of Nature," or that they were due to the supposed necessity for some deceptive law of "prochronism"—so in Philology there were times when language was believed to have been given by distinct and immediate revelation to mankind. God was supposed to have spoken visibly with Adam, and to have uttered His creative fiat in articulate sounds of human utterance. Words were believed to sway the dumb blind motions of circumstance by virtue of a certain natural force, and mystical affinity with the things they signified. The stage in which there began to be an observation of certain obvious phenomena, and a premature attempt to guess at their explanation by natural causes; the stage of the Ptolemaic system in Astronomy; the stage of the Neptunian and Plutonic theories, with their respective cataclysms and conflagrations, in Geology—had their exact counterpart in the long epoch of linguistic empiricism, during which it was an accepted belief that all languages were derived from Hebrew, and every observed fact was with supreme violence coördinated to that *a priori* conclusion.

We must, however, remember that the errors were not all on one side. The conventional theory of the origin of language held by such men as Lord Monboddo and Condillac, "Qu'on croirait avoir diné avec nos premiers parents," is as a *heterodox* attempt to account for the phenomena of language—hardly less absurd than the theory of Voltaire, that "the fossil shells of Europe were scallop-shells dropped by the mediæval pilgrims." But Philology, like its sister sciences, rose from these metaphysical and empiric stages to the acquisition of scientific methods and positive results. In each instance this advance was due to the powerful influence of an apparently accidental discovery. The external impulse given to Astronomy by Galileo's discovery of the moons of Jupiter and the phases of Venus—the external impulse given to Geology by Buffon's prescient estimate of the facts to be deduced from the fossil bones and shells submitted to his inspection—was given to Philology when, in 1786, the Asiatic Society was founded by Sir W. Jones; and he announced the then startling conclusion, that "no philologist would examine the Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin without believing them to have sprung from some common source." But if Sir W. Jones be the Galileo of Philology, Halhed was its Copernicus. As the editor of the code of Gentoo law, drawn up by order of Warren Hastings, he was the first who made known the word "Sanscrit" to English ears, and the first to express that astonishment at its resemblance to Persian, Greek, and Latin which was destined to be the fruitful mother of so much marvellous and inestimable knowledge.

It will be seen, from this brief sketch, that Philology has suffered as long and as seriously as other sciences from the dominance of merely traditional assumptions—and has suffered in a precisely similar manner. It took centuries for Astronomy to disembarass itself of the empiric belief in the geocentric hypothesis; for Geology to get rid of the attribution



of all marked terrestrial phenomena to violent and sudden catastrophes; and for Philology to disprove the assumption that there must have been a primitive language, and that Hebrew must have been the primitive language, and consequently that all languages are deducible from the Hebrew. Few people are aware of the vast mass of linguistic literature which has been rendered practically valueless by the abandonment of this erroneous hypothesis; by the *demonstration* that, if there were a primitive language, no traces of it are now discoverable, and that, if they were discoverable, Hebrew is one of the very last languages in which any one, moderately acquainted with the facts, would think of looking for them. But, although the progress of discovery seems at first sight to rob the labors of past investigators of all importance, we must beware that we do not push too far so ungrateful a conclusion. No honest worker ever worked at any science quite in vain. He at least helped to contribute the solid facts on which all theories must be founded, and to bequeath a sacred heritage of *interest* in the subject to which his labors were devoted. The coral at a certain distance beneath the ocean surface is the only *living* portion of the gigantic organism, but its life was only rendered possible by the death of those zoophytes who furnished in myriads the calcareous secretions which even now are forming the solid bases of "continents to be."

It would be easy to show that there is hardly a single science which does not furnish us with analogies and illustrations for the study of language so obvious as to force themselves naturally upon our notice, and so luminous as to suggest important conclusions, as well as to furnish the terms in which they are expressed. We talk quite naturally of the *strata* of language; extinct words and forms spontaneously suggest to us the analogy of fossils; we find among them rare varieties and typical forms, and unique examples and intermediate species, and any philologist would instantly catch our meaning if we were to talk to him about a linguistic "dike," or about the "pipings" in two contiguous linguistic formations. Displacements and denudations and tertiary deposits and paleozoic systems have their existence in language no less than in geological phenomena, and, without any exercise of fancy, it would be easy to multiply such analogies almost indefinitely. They occur indeed spontaneously, and almost unconsciously, in every book which is written on the subject. The very word "roots," involving one of the most essential philological conceptions, is itself an indispensable and ineradicable metaphor. We talk quite spontaneously of the *soil* on which a language *grows*. "Language," says Bunsen, "has all the distinctive peculiarities of vegetable nature." In fact, the analogy between words and plants has even been sufficiently powerful to influence our linguistic conceptions, and it led Schlegel not only to the striking *metaphor*, but even to the erroneous *conception* that the suffixes of words bourgeoned from the roots like leaves from the stem—that the roots were in fact "living germs," organized bodies, which carried in themselves the principle of their development. Such a notion would naturally lead to mere mysticism, but it was hardly to be wondered at, previous to the victories won by analysis over inflectional terminations. And, although the notion of any inherent and self-developing power in roots is now justly discarded, yet the distinction between the material and formal elements in words—between the *stem*, or *root*, and its inflections—is as important to Philology, and throws as much light on its essential nature, as the discovery that every portion of a plant might be reduced to stem or leaf was to Botany; and, if we exclude the notion of a germinative force, we can hardly describe the linguistic discovery without using expressions which would recall to every naturalist the botanical fact. I may conclude this part of my subject by a quotation from a writer, who, not being specially either a botanist or a philologist, may serve to prove how naturally the phenomena of the one science may be described in metaphors which are entirely borrowed from the other. "The operative agencies of lan-

guage," says Professor Ferrier, "are hidden; its growth is imperceptible. *Like a tree*, unobserved through the solitudes of a thousand years, up *grows the mighty stem and the mighty branches* of a magnificent speech. No man saw the seed planted—no eye noticed the infant sprouts—no mortal hand watered the bursting of the grove—no register was kept of the gradual widening of its girth, or the growing circumference of its shade; till the *deciduous* dialects of the surrounding barbarians dying out, the unexpected *bole* stands forth in all its magnitude, carrying aloft in its *foliage* the poetry, the history, and the philosophy of an heroic people."

But the *methods*, no less than the *history*, of Philology are identical with those of the natural sciences. Let us, for instance, compare the processes by which Botany arrived at its present position with those which have resulted in the establishment of the science of language. It will require no manipulation on my part to show their complete identity in idea and principle.

Many centuries usually elapse before the first dawn of any science. Even the commonest and most obtrusive phenomena often remain unnoticed for immense periods. But every now and then rises some man whose eyes are opened, and the observations of such men, however elementary, gradually form a nucleus of simple facts which either lead to, or are interpreted by, some theory which at this early stage is usually erroneous. When sufficient facts are accumulated, a wider hypothesis is formed, which is supposed to sum up all past observations, and tends to stimulate the further inquiry which often overthrows the very hypothesis which it was intended to support. At last, by the aid of ever-widening induction, "by the collection of similar, and the distinction of dissimilar things," the facts are colligated into a final and established conclusion. These processes have taken place alike in Botany and in Philology. There were long ages during which the rude human swains paid equally little attention to the sounds which they emitted in articulate speech, and to the little "golden flowers" on which they trod daily with their "clouted shoon." Then followed that era of *imaginary knowledge*, in which fancy and ingenuity took the place of accurate investigation. The history of etymology, from the days of Cratylus down to those of Menage, passes exactly through the same phases as the history of Botany from the days of Dioscorides down to those of Cæsalpinus. No doubt during both periods the storehouse of reliable facts was being gradually filled—the habits and more salient peculiarities of plants being observed as well as the external grammatical relation of combined words. In fact, during this long period, the foundations were laid in both sciences for an *artificial* system which gradually led to a *natural* one.

It was by the observation of different and distinct ideas of speech that Philology arrived at a true classification of languages, just as it was by the study of foreign floras that Botany gradually acquired a natural system. If the wealthy Provençal gentleman, J. de Tournefort, had never travelled in the Levant, or the poor Swedish peasant, Karl Linné, had never visited Lapland, after they had already gained some knowledge of plants, it is probable that they would never have arrived at the conceptions which reformed and almost created the science of Botany; and similarly, Comparative Philology would not even yet have existed but for the mighty Providence which bestowed upon us the government of India, and guided to that country such scholars and Orientalists as Colebrooke and Sir William Jones.

All great botanists, from Cæsalpinus down to Linné, had probably foreseen the establishment of a natural system, just as all great philologists, from Leibnitz down to Colebrooke, had realized the conception of linguistic families; but in both sciences the final establishment of the theory on a firm and scientific basis was left to others. Bopp and Pott did for language what was done for botany by Jussieu. Borrowing from Magnol and Adanson the plan of arriving at a perfect *natural* system

by means of the points of resemblance suggested by many artificial systems, Jussieu added the immensely important conception of a *subordination of characters*, and thus advanced the science, both in its structural and its classificatory branches, a long way toward its present position. Now Philology has its various branches no less than Botany; its analysis of words corresponds to the study of vegetable structure; its arrangement of linguistic families, to botanic classification; its examination of the functions of formative syllables, to organography; even its *Lautlehre*, or study of sounds, to microscopic histology. And in the present stage of these two sciences the student who adds any thing to our knowledge of one of these branches probably renders a service to them *all*. This is precisely what has been done by such "fellow-laborers with Hercules" as Bopp, and Grimm, and Pott. By that wide induction which led to the establishment of the *laws* that dominated alike in the resemblances and divergences of words, they introduced a cosmos of guiding principle into the chaos of multiplex phenomena.

### THE SCORPION AND ITS ANTAGONIST.

A FEW mornings since I received by post a small box. On account of the holes pricked in the cover I suspected it might contain something alive, therefore refrained from opening it until I had read my letters. It was fortunate I did so, for from one of the letters I learned that the box contained two live scorpions, a present from my friend J. K. Lord, who caught them under a stone at Heliopolis, in Egypt, and had sent them off at once. On opening the box carefully I saw two scorpions sitting in it, with their tails turned over their backs. They were divided from each other by a partition, and were very quiet; but on seeing the light they immediately began to move, so that I had to be careful not to let them escape into the room. Sending for a glass fish-globe, I turned the box suddenly over, and with a tap at the bottom shook them out into it. For a moment the scorpions remained quiet at the bottom; then, waking up, they suddenly rushed at each other, and began fighting and wrestling, claw to claw, like two bull-dogs. I had great trouble to separate them, and get one of them out of the globe. At last I succeeded, by using two paper-knives and a long pair of forceps. I wonder they did not poison each other or myself. In the course of the morning it was announced that a mouse had been caught in a trap. I immediately thought of testing the poison of the scorpion upon the mouse. The reader must know that my scorpion is a little beast with a body the size of a large black-beetle. He has small legs on each side like the legs of a lobster, and also two nipping-claws. At the end of the body is a tail, nearly two inches long, consisting of five joints, strung together like a bead necklace. At the end of the last joint is the sting, which consists of a horny bag the shape of an apple-pip, and armed with a brown-colored sting having the curve of a bramble-thorn. The point of the sting is exceedingly sharp. The general color of the scorpion is a horrid-looking waxy brown. The eyes of the scorpion—little black shining points—are situated at the top of his head. When preparing to fight he carries his tail in a curve over his back, and brandishes his sting with immense rapidity. He aims his blows directly forward, as a soldier gives a bayonet-thrust.

The scorpion was lying quietly at the bottom of the globe when I shook the mouse from the trap into it, but the sudden arrival of a stranger into his private apartments woke him up directly. He hoisted his sting, and began brandishing it about. The mouse shortly crossed his path; the scorpion instantly lunged his sting into him. This in turn woke up the mouse, who began to jump up and down like a jack-in-the-box. When he became quiet the scorpion again attacked the enemy, with his claws extended, like the pictures of the scorpion in the signs of the zodiac; he made another shot at the mouse, but missed him. I then called "Time," to give both combatants a rest. When the mouse had got his wind, I stirred up the scorpion once more, and, as "the fancy" say, he "came up smiling." The mouse during the interval had evidently made up his mind that he would have to fight, and not strike his colors to a scorpion as he would to a cat. When, therefore, the scorpion came within range, the mouse gave a squeak, and bit him on the back; the scorpion at the same moment planted his sting well between the mouse's ears on the top of his head.

The scorpion then tried to retreat, but could not, for one claw had got entangled in the fur of the mouse; and then came one of the most ludicrous scenes I ever beheld. Mouse and scorpion "closed," and both rolled over and over together, like two cats fighting. The scorpion continued stabbing the mouse with his sting, his tail going with the velocity and swift spring of a needle in a sewing-machine; in fact, the scorpion had the mouse, as pugnacious schoolboys used to say, "in chancery." The moment the scorpion got tired, and the lunges of his tail became less frequent, the mouse got hold of the last joint of his adversary's tail with his paw, and gave the sting a sharp nip with his teeth (it was most interesting to notice that the mouse used his paw). The scorpion at once tried to make his retreat, but he couldn't get away, as his claws were entangled in the fur. The mouse seized this opportunity, and deliberately bit two of the scorpion's side legs off. He then retired to the corner, and began to wash his face and comb his fur. I took out my watch to note how long it would be before the poison of the scorpion took effect. I waited minute after minute, and nothing happened; the mouse seemed a little tired, and that was all. When ten minutes had passed I shook the scorpion up to the place where the mouse was sitting. The scorpion was a plucky "arachnoid," for he tried to come up to the scratch once more; but as a ship is disabled when she has lost her mainmast by a shot, so "*Scorpio formidolosus*," as Horace calls him, was crippled for further encounter. He tried to hoist his sting, but the bite from the mouse had injured his tail, so that he could not strike straight with it, and it had lost its spring from the wound. Seeing that the scorpion was "lying under bare poles," the mouse sat himself down and began deliberately to eat the scorpion's legs up one after the other. I was at this time obliged to go away to my work, and when, in about six hours, my secretary came down to my office, he reported that the mouse had shown no symptom whatever of poisoning. When I came back in the evening I went at once to the globe to see what had happened; instead of finding a dead mouse I found about half a dead scorpion, and a live mouse. The mouse had, in fact, made a good meal of his enemy. Some bread had been placed in the globe; the mouse had eaten this also, so I hope he had enjoyed his meal of bread and scorpion. The battle therefore was decided in favor of the mouse, and the backers of the scorpion had to "throw up the sponge," while, as a reward for his courage, the mouse, after a parting supper of toasted cheese and milk, was let free in a place where the cat was not likely to find him. The friends of the scorpion have lodged a protest, inasmuch as the scorpion was not "in training," and the mouse was not a "fair mouse," being too large and too heavy. For my own part, I think the fight was hardly fair, as the scorpion had just come off a long, cold journey, and had not eaten any thing. The mouse, on the contrary, was just caught and in good condition.

### TREE-WORSHIP.

OUR purpose is not to speak of that part of the pagan theogony which transforms every bush and tree into so many gods, demigods, and goddesses, nymphs, fauns, satyrs, and hamadryads; nor do we refer to the symbolic or sacred character which the Greeks and Romans attributed to certain trees that their priesthood had consecrated to the deities: the myrtle, for instance, to Venus; the olive, to Mercury; the laurel, to Apollo. Our object is simply to mention the worship offered to trees by certain nations and tribes on account of their real or imaginary properties.

The Gauls entertained a peculiar veneration for the mistletoe. In the Gallic language, *gui*, or mistletoe, signified *plant*; and in the symbolic phraseology with which the Druids only were familiar, the word *ches*, meaning oak, or the tree of all others, stood for *force, power, authority*.

The oak mistletoe was gathered every year, in the month of December, by the high-priest of the Druids, or by the queen of the female Druids, with a golden sickle, and was received in the skirts of a white tunic.

The juice of the ivy was considered a very efficacious counterpoison, and a useful agent in promoting fecundity in animals.

In Germany, it was believed that no one who had a sprig of mistletoe about his person could be wounded, and that he was even certain to hit those at whom he aimed his arrows. However, the Germans never rendered worship to the ivy or the oak, as the Druids did in their mysterious forests.

The ancient people of India, if we are to believe Quintus Curtius, had a profound veneration for certain trees, before which they were in the habit of kneeling, in the attitude of devotion; and the most terrible punishment awaited the sacrilegious transgressor who might dare to injure one of them.

In Persia, there are two kinds of trees that are worshipped to this day. The one is the *diraksh-i-fusel*, or, tree that surpasses the rest; the other is the *dir-dar*, or tree of the *genii*. The true believers decorate these trees with strips of precious stuffs. The ancient Persians had a particular veneration for the *barrom*, a gigantic tree, over which the sun, as they believed, kept watch in an especial manner.

The Orientals, generally, have always had an exceptional respect for the cypress.

When Xerxes bedecked a plane-tree that he met with on his march, with ornaments, it was not, as has been foolishly related, through an absurd, insensate passion for the mute plant, but through religious feeling.

The Ouigours, a people of northern Guinea, worshipped the cypress and the birch. The ceremonies of this curious rite took their origin in a legend relative to the establishment of their kingdom.

One day, says the legend, there suddenly rose out of the ground, at the confluence of the two principal rivers, two marvellous trees, that gave forth melodious sounds as they shot up into the air.

When they had grown large and were covered with leaves, they opened from top to bottom, and there stepped forth from them five children, one of whom became the king of the Ouigours. When these children had grown up, they approached the trees with great respect, and the latter spoke to them, giving them good advice, and wishing them long life and great renown. Thenceforth the Ouigours, seeing in the cypress and the birch the cradles of their first king and first lawgivers, rendered to these trees the homage that we offer to the real God.

Beside these trees, which superstition has elevated to divinity, may naturally be placed certain other productions of the vegetable realm, which ignorance and prejudice have, at different periods, made the object of the admiration, the wonder, or the awe of races of men. Of this number is the upas-tree, that grows on the island of Java. Travellers relate that this tree exhales a poison so virulent, that all other vegetation in the neighborhood is destroyed. Not a bush nor a blade of grass is to be found in the valley where the upas grows. The surrounding mountains are sterile rocks. This terrible spot has neither birds, quadrupeds, nor reptiles. Here and there is seen, bleaching on the ground, the skeleton of some hapless wretch who, having been condemned to death, had obtained the poor favor of an attempt to purchase his life by trying to gather the upas-poison for the sultan.

Such was the fable narrated by a Dutch surgeon in 1783, and subsequently contradicted by Dr. Horsfield. From the statement of the English botanist, it appears that the upas-tree does indeed contain a poisonous juice that flows from it when an incision is made in its trunk, and that arrows, dipped in this sap, inflict mortal wounds. But, far from causing other plants near it to perish, the upas of Java, found also at Macassar and elsewhere in great abundance, flourishes in dense forests only.

Similar fables have been told concerning the Sicilian manna-tree. The story was, at one time, prevalent that, upon a certain occasion, when the King of Naples was about to wall in the gardens of Enotria, which produce the best manna of Calabria, and subject the product to taxation, the manna dried up suddenly, and did not appear again until the tax was abandoned. Now, this legend simply masks a gentle hint to governments disposed to grind the people.

The bread-tree, also, has given rise to singular stories. Rumphius, the Dutch traveller, once affirmed that the variety known as the *Jaquier heterophylla*, yields fruit so large, that a man cannot lift one of them! The truth is, that the fruit of the real tree is about double the size of a man's fist. It grows for eight months, and then is fit to pluck. For eating, it is cut in slices, and broiled on hot coals, or baked in an oven. When it commences to blacken with the heat, the burnt part is scraped off, and beneath it is found a sort of white, mealy pulp, as tender as the crumb of fresh bread, and greatly resembling in flavor a good wheaten loaf.

We now come to the *Dry-Tree*. A traveller of the thirteenth century, one William de Mandeville, has given a lengthy description of this wonderful tree, of which some theologians, not greatly troubled with scruples of conscience, speak in their books. The *Dry-Tree*, ac-

cording to their statements, grows not far from the tomb of Lot. It has been there since the beginning of the world, and, until the death of Christ, was always covered with green leaves. At the moment when Jesus breathed His last, all its leaves fell, and its trunk and branches instantly dried up, but without the tree itself dying.

William de Mandeville terminates his recital as follows: "Some prophecies say that a prince of the West shall win the Land of Promise by the aid of the Christians, and will have mass performed under the Dry-Tree, and that then the tree will become green again, and bear leaves. By this miracle many Saracens and many Jews will be converted to the Christian faith. For this reason, the tree is held in great veneration, and carefully and affectionately tended."

The good people of the middle ages were persuaded that it sufficed to have about one's person a piece of the Dry-Tree in order to be safe from nearly all the maladies that afflict the human species.

But even among Christians and enlightened people of the most modern day, there are some trees and plants that awaken emotions of reverence. Who, for instance, could gaze unmoved upon the few lonely cedars of Lebanon, the sole remaining witnesses of Biblical days and incidents? Of these but thirty were left in A. D. 1550; twenty-four in 1600; twenty-two in 1650; sixteen in 1700, and only seven in 1800.

The weeping willow and the sombre yew are ineradicably associated in our minds with the scenery of the churchyard; and quite as naturally, although through habit merely, do we connect the laurel and the vine-wreath with thoughts of triumph and festivity.

The witch-hazel and several of its kindred enjoy the credit of possessing supernatural qualities among the peasantry of all Europe to this day, and to thousands that "rare old plant, the ivy green," is still an object of superstitious regard.

Religion, in all ages and climes, has found powerful auxiliaries and exquisite symbols in the garden and the grove.

## SPEED OF UTTERANCE IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

THE understanding of the spoken language in Italian, Spanish, and German, presents great facilities, owing to the correspondence between the pronunciation and the orthography. But the most difficult of all languages for a foreigner to understand is perhaps the English, on account of the complete absence of analogy in the alphabetical representation of its pronunciation, as well as of the rapidity with which it is spoken and its innumerable contractions.

This is humorously illustrated in the following anecdote: In a late trial before the Queen's Bench, Mr. Hawkins, a barrister, had frequently to advert to that description of vehicle called *brougham*, which he pronounced in two syllables. Lord Campbell, the chief justice, suggested that the word was usually contracted to *broom*, and that he had better adopt the latter pronunciation, as he would thereby save one syllable and gain so much time. Henceforward Mr. Hawkins called it *broom*. Shortly after, the pleading turned upon omnibuses and Lord Campbell frequently used the word *omnibus*, to which he gave its due length. "I beg your lordship's pardon," retorted Mr. Hawkins, "but, if you will call it *bus*, you will save two syllables, and make it more intelligible to the jury." The learned judge assented to the proposed abbreviation.

Some people think that the French language is spoken faster than the English; this is a great error. Voltaire shrewdly observed, that an Englishman gains every day two hours on a Frenchman in conversation. The truth is, that English is spoken considerably quicker than French. This results from a difference of kind in the pronunciation of these languages.

Pronunciation is composed of two elements, vocal sounds and articulations, represented in writing by vowels and consonants. Vocal sounds admit of duration: quantity is their essence. Vocal articulations, with few exceptions, cannot be prolonged: instantaneity is their essence. When a consonant is placed after a vowel, it generally shortens it. Thus the long syllables, *me, we, fie, no, due, though*, become short by adding consonants to them, *met, web, fib, fit, fy, not, dun, thought*. Now, in English, consonants predominate, and usually form the end of syllables; hence a rapidity of utterance is the unavoidable consequence.

In French, on the contrary, consonants act but a secondary part, and are often silent. The spoken words, in reality, end with vowel-



sounds, although consonants terminate their written representatives. In the division of the words, consonants seldom terminate syllables; the French word *caricature*, for example, is divided into syllables thus, cà-ri-cà-tù-ré; its pronunciation, conformably to this division, is necessarily longer than that of the English word, commonly pronounced, according to this other division, cà-ri-cà-tù-re. The same may be said of every other word in the two languages. The vowels, which contribute so much to lengthen the words, are pronounced full in French, as if every syllable were accented. From these facts there necessarily results a slow and steady enunciation.

As the opinion of a foreigner, however, in regard to the English pronunciation, can have little weight, we beg to quote a few competent authorities: "Such is the vehemence of our accent, that every syllable which follows the accented is not only short, but almost lost in the pronunciation." (Lord Monboddo.) "We incline, in general, to a short pronunciation of our words, and have shortened the quantity of most of those which we borrowed from the Latin." (Hugh Blair.) "Such is the propensity for dispatch that, overlooking the majesty of words composed of many syllables aptly connected, the prevailing taste is to shorten words, so as to make them disagreeable to the ear." (Lord Kamea.) "It must be regretted that contraction subjects our tongue to some of the most hissing, snapping, clashing sounds that ever greeted the ear of a Vandal." (John Walker.) "Our rational conversation is, for the most part, carried on in a series of most extraordinary and rugged abbreviations, a species of short-hand talking." (Bulwer Lytton.)

### AIR AND THOUGHT.

IT is related of Alexander the Great that, having captured some outlandish barbarians, he consulted his scientific adviser, Aristotle, as to the propriety of killing them. Aristotle recommended an inquiry into their physical circumstances, and particularly as to the *air* they had breathed, before deciding whether or not they were worth saving. Though this was putting rather a serious aspect upon bad ventilation, yet, in connecting the quality of the air with the character of the people respiring it, we are persuaded that the old Stagirite was not so far wrong as many may suppose. Let us look a little into the connection as traced in the light of our better knowledge.

It is now well established that mental activity depends upon cerebral activity, and that cerebral activity in turn depends upon oxygenated blood. The character of the mental organ qualifies that of intellection in all its grades, from the idiot who cannot feed himself to a Napoleon Bonaparte who aspired to rule the world. But whether the brain be good or bad, the quality of its action depends immediately upon the oxygenating process. Of course, no amount of oxidation could cause the brain of an idiot to evolve high mental results, for the organ of thought is structurally deficient; but no brain, whatever its grade, can do as good work or as much work, where this process is defective, as where it is perfect. Beings of a lower organization are, of course, less disturbed by atmospheric impurities than those of a higher character, for the more complex the mechanism and the finer the effects it produces, the greater is the necessity for nicety and completeness of conditions. No doubt when the brain is lowered in efficiency by impure air, it is possible to exalt its action by artificial stimulation with tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol (and it is unquestionably a cause of their frequent employment); but this does not disturb the truth of our statement, for the transient effect will undoubtedly be greatest when these stimuli conspire with perfect atmospheric conditions.

We have spoken of degrees of perfection in the structure of the brain; of degrees of perfection in its oxidizing processes, and of degrees of perfection in the mental results. The two former are obviously measurable. The anatomist reports on the amount of cerebral nerve-matter and the degree of its organization. The chemist defines purity of the air, and gives us the scale of its deteriorations. But can the psychologist speak with equal definiteness of the corresponding grades and amounts

of mental performance? There is, no doubt, more of vagueness and difficulty in this, but the principle, though less clearly defined, will be found to hold here as in the other cases.

There are two kinds or grades of mental activity which, although imperceptibly shading into each other, may nevertheless be broadly distinguished as higher and lower. Intellectual action constantly tends to become automatic. Actions frequently repeated acquire a tendency to repeat themselves. They become so easy as to cost little effort, and it may at length require exertion to stop them. This is the meaning of the power of habit. Incomparably the larger portion of the world's thinking is of this kind. People think and act as they are in the habit of thinking and acting. They converse, harangue, write, imprecate, and pray, in the set phrases which they have acquired by imitation and repetition. This kind of automatic mental action, as it is allied to the mental workings of the inferior animals, may be regarded as the lower form of intellectual manifestation.

The higher form of thought is less mechanical, and consists in bringing the mind to bear upon the materials before it. It is to reflect, to compare, to judge, to make new combinations, to form independent conclusions—in short, to "make up one's mind." To revise the data of opinions, and breaking out of the beaten track to form new opinions more in harmony with the facts, is the highest function of mind; and it is just as essentially displayed by the mother when she contravenes fashion and conforms to reason in the dressing of her child, or by the merchant in weighing the trustworthiness of a candidate for credit, as by the philosopher in forming a new scientific theory.

Now these two forms of mental activity have their respective physical conditions and accompaniments. That higher mental action which involves the establishment of new relations among the elements of thought, involves also the highest action of the organ of thought. The brain draws upon the system for a greater supply of blood, and the cerebral changes, of which oxygenation is the mainspring, proceed at an accelerated rate. On the contrary, automatic mental activity, employing as it does less effort, involves a less amount of cerebral change, and may take place in less perfect conditions of change.

It is therefore clear that to these two grades of mental action the air which impels the thinking mechanism stands in very different relations. In fact, as there are two qualities of thought depending upon two sets of cerebral conditions, so there are two states of the air which correspond to those conditions. To maintain the higher form of cerebral activity, air of perfect purity is required; impure air disturbs and defeats it. On the other hand, the easier processes of automatic thinking go forward with little or no disturbance in vitiated air. There is then a state of mind to which pure air is essential, and another with which foul air is congenial. Contaminated air is more favorable to routine work, and the mental processes that have become habitual, than to those which involve a critical and questioning deliberation. Fresh air raises the spirits, stimulates hope, and encourages to action: foul air depresses the spirits, favors gloomy and discouraging views, and thus paralyzes action. Air loaded with contaminations, as it tends to mental dulness, is therefore congenial with the stupidities of blind tradition and the stolidities of unreasoning conservatism. On the contrary, pure air, by quickening the highest cerebral functions, favors freedom and boldness of thought, enlargement of view, and consequent independence of action. As the mass of people accept their opinions ready made, and fall spontaneously into ruts of thought, they are naturally and instinctively content with bad ventilation, while those who put their brains to their highest possibilities are so few that their protests, if made, are unheeded.

There is an important hint here for the guides of public opinion: Why should they not have an atmospheric policy? If the old fogies will assiduously plug up the apertures of their

assembly-rooms, and the progressives will hold their conventions in the open air, they will do quite as much to promote their respective ends as can be accomplished by all the arts of rhetoric. Truth, we doubt not, has inscrutable affinities with oxygen; while error, like the reptiles of old, flourishes in an atmosphere laden with carbonic acid.

In affirming this relation between the highest action of the mind and the quality of the air respired, we are not dealing with wire-drawn fancies. There is more in this idea than is dreamed of in our current philosophy, as every student can testify who heeds the conditions of his best mental exertion.

We began by quoting an alleged opinion of the greatest man of science in the ancient world, and may fitly close by referring to the greatest man of science in modern times. The immortal discoverer of the law of universal gravitation probably did more original and powerful thinking than any other man who ever lived. His great brain, when wrought to its highest capability, revealed a new order of the universe. How did this mighty thinker stand on the question of air and ventilation? His record is conspicuous. Knowing nothing of what the air is composed, and nothing of the nature of the respiratory process, the dictates of sensation were sufficient, and he scrupulously obeyed them. Sir Isaac Newton was a member of the British House of Commons, and during the whole course of his parliamentary career he is reported to have made but one speech, and that a very brief one. He arose and asked a person in the gallery to open a window.

#### AUTHORITY IN OPINION.

REFERRING to Stephen Pearl Andrews's "Universology," or newly-discovered science of the universe, the *London Saturday Review* has the following remarks on the state of mind in this country, which favors the multiplication of all kinds of mental extravagances:

Americans sometimes boast—and with occasional truth—that they discover English writers of genius before they have gained honor in their native country. They do it, however, at the price of accepting also a good deal of rubbish. Tappers pass current there as well as Tennysons, and sham philosophy, if it only uses big enough words, and asserts itself with sufficient audacity, secures a foothold as well as the genuine article. The most high-flying transcendentalism will find sympathetic souls in Boston when it can excite nothing but a sneer in London.

There is nothing surprising, and certainly nothing discreditable, about this. It is an illustration of the real meaning of the frequently-misused term, that America is a young country. The analogy between a nation and an individual is apt to mislead; but in some points there is a genuine resemblance. Most clever young men go through a certain phase, as naturally as babies take the measles. If poetically inclined, they are cured by a favorable eruption of bad verses; and if given to speculation, they frequently invent what Mr. Andrews so happily calls universology. An intellect of average strength and cultivation discovers, generally about the age of twenty-three, that it has not quite solved the 'riddle of the painful earth;' that there are flaws in the scheme which once seemed so perfectly satisfactory; and that the same ideas which looked so novel and startling, had previously occurred to more than one philosopher since men began to speculate.

Occasionally men of ability are so peculiarly constituted that they carry on this temper of mind into maturer life; and they then develop into the creators of the various ephemeral Utopias which amuse or sadden us for a time. Great social convulsions such as the French Revolution naturally encourage this temper, and throw up St. Simons, and Fouriers, and Comtes, because they seem to open wide possibilities for mankind; and America, in a certain sense, is in a permanent state of revolution. The order of things changes so rapidly, and the whole mind of the people is so constantly set upon the development of its vast resources, that it is no wonder that enthusiastic people suffer from a kind of spiritual intoxication. Every thing seems to be possible; and it is the most natural thing in the world to propose a com-

pletely new system which shall introduce an impromptu renovation of society from top to bottom. There is no deeply-rooted respect for old traditions to hamper the boldest schemer; he has, as it were, a blank sheet of paper on which to draw his diagrams just as pleases him best; and he naturally gives full play to the indomitable hopefulness which is the most attractive feature of new societies. In a less satisfactory sense, he falls into the credulity which in an old country is eradicated before a man grows up to years of discretion. There is as yet no thoroughly cultivated class in America which can speak with authority in matters of speculation. One man is as good as another—not merely in regard of his political rights, but because he has attained pretty nearly the same level of cultivation. No ferocious critic sits in the seat of judgment ready to pass sentence on any impostor who claims to be a leader of thought. Doubtless such a class is being slowly developed; but, meanwhile, questions, which ought to be decided by competent judges, are determined by universal suffrage or popular acclamation.

We are astonished at the success with which the impositions of spiritualism thrive on Transatlantic soil. No story of eccentric tables and mysterious spirit-writings seems to be too gross to find favor. New dodges are found out as soon as the old ones disappear; and a little sleight-of-hand would enable any unscrupulous person to make a very comfortable living out of our kinsmen. If we ask why similar delusions are not so prevalent in England, we can hardly flatter ourselves that it is because we have in general attained a higher intellectual level. Everybody has known persons of apparent sanity, and even sense, who believed in the whole nonsense of spiritualism. And it was easy to see, in the discussions produced by the case of Home, that most people, whatever their judgment might be, were incapable of forming it on scientific grounds. They did not in the least appreciate the requirements of sound reasoning, or know what tests should be satisfied before the advocates of such an amazing doctrine would acquire a right to be heard.

The peasantry, we are often reminded, are still at that stage of education in which a belief in witchcraft is possible, though it need not always exist; and it is probable that the majority of the upper classes are equally capable of believing in spiritualism; that is to say, a good round assertion of its truth would find them incapable of testing it critically. Now, American believers are, very many of them, fully as intelligent as the body of English skeptics. What is more singular, they have generally a rather higher respect for the claims of science, and are apt to clothe their intolerable nonsense in a singular scientific jargon. They generally argue with naive ignorance of the subject. Thus they fancy that a belief in discoveries about electricity (the favorite name for every thing that people don't understand) ought to make a belief in spiritualism easier, and run over all the fine words which will doubtless find a place in the science of Universology. The true difference between the cases is, not that the general run of Englishmen are more intelligent or more sensitive to the claims of science, but simply that they have a court of appeal for which they have a good deal more respect. They have a dim belief that a spiritualist must be a fool, because Faraday or Dr. Tyndall assures them that spiritualism is folly. In America, where there is a general presumption in favor of any thing that is new, there is also no one to exercise any supervision over the purveyors of novelty. They are, in short, in the same intellectual position as the youth who has read some popular books of science, but has not learned by experience the labor which goes to form a scientific authority.

#### TABLE-TALK.

THE contrasts of social life in London are favorite subjects of sensational description, satirical animadversion, and philanthropic lamentation. At one extreme, there are the rich, wallowing in unbounded wealth and all the extravagance of luxury; and, at the other, squalid poverty, beggary, and pauperism, in their most frightful and sickening forms. Shall we infer then that, in this great Babylon, the fountains of human sympathy are dried up, and that all charity is dead? Far from it. The provision for the relief of destitution and suffering is on a scale which no other city in the world can parallel. The *London Times* has lately made a rough investigation into the charitable

resources of the English metropolis, and devoted three pages of its large sheet to a tabulation of results. Its footing up shows *ten million dollars a year* devoted to purposes of charity.

The Bishop of London, who has long been a close student of its charities, and an authority in all that pertains to it, follows the *Times's* account by a statement, in which he says that, if the excepted items of the *Times's* reporter are filled out, the figures will be doubled. According to the highest authority, then, the sum expended by organized charitable associations in London amounts to *twenty millions of dollars a year*; and this, be it remembered, is exclusive of private aid and of the enormous expenditures for relief under the poor-law. And what is the result? Not a diminution, but an increase of poverty and pauperism—in the language of the *Times*, "Such a spread of want, misery, pauperism, and crime, that we are at our wits' end to meet it."

Some singular facts have been developed in the course of this investigation which assist to explain the confessed failure of this method of relieving the needy. In the first place, one-quarter of the money is absorbed in running the institutional machinery which stands between the donor and the recipient; that is, it takes five million dollars to work the organizations which disburse fifteen millions. In the next place, the extent and perfection of the organizations for charity have led to something like a counter-organization on the part of impostors to get the money. There are a thousand charitable associations, and, of course, many are devoted to the relief of the same objects; the temptation thus offered for the same individuals to get money from different associations, tends naturally to the multiplication of impostors. The *Times* says: "Large sums are consumed in expensive and superfluous machinery, and large sums again are lavished in the support and encouragement of systematic and organized imposture. In the mean time, though charity so freely gives, deserving poverty is not relieved."

About fifty years ago, one of the most fashionable young New-Yorkers was Colonel M—, who, being rich, handsome, and well-connected, had fallen into the habit of strutting along Broadway in a very lofty and pompous manner. As he one day approached old Trinity Church, he saw Washington Irving standing on the stone base, and holding fast to the iron railing in front of the church. "Hallo, Irving, what the deuce is the matter?" shouted the colonel, and, in reply, heard these words: "Why, I supposed, from your manner of walking, that Broadway must belong to you, and so I'm trying to get out of your way."

Robert Buchanan, following if not imitating the example of Charles Dickens, has appeared before English audiences as a reader of his own poems. He has been, we believe, successful; and this success, as in the case of Mr. Dickens, has arisen from his power of dramatic characterization rather than by his skill as a reader. Artistic reading is the perfect use of emphasis and inflection. Mr. Dickens is singularly at fault in both; but he has the actor's talent of dramatic personation. Mr. Buchanan, we are told, threw his audience in tears on reading his poem of "Willie Baird." It would be a strange humanity that could listen to this pathetic poem with dry eyes, even if the dullest of readers were uttering it.

It is somewhat singular that we have produced no good dramatic reader in this country. We are often told that there is a good deal of amateur dramatic talent in private society. It may be so; but clearly it never gets on the stage or into the reading-desk. The public speakers of America are probably about as pompous, loud-mouthed, and manneristic a set of declaimers as the world can show. Their delivery is ruled either by the pulpit or the platform, and it would be hard to say

which is the most abominable. Our lecturers, for instance, usually have the manner of the pulpit, and preach; or the manner of the platform, and declaim. Dramatic reading, as presented by Mr. Dickens or Mrs. Butler, is highly entertaining. But mere declamatory reading is an offence. What our public speakers really need is the art of effectively *talking* to an audience. The most perfect delivery of this kind we recollect was that of Thackeray's; there was great art in the nicety of his emphasis and inflection, but his sentences glided from the tongue in a smooth, simple, unaffected, yet singularly effective manner that was a triumph of the art that conceals art.

It is rumored that we are to have a Museum of Natural History in the Central Park—a circumstance which will not be more gratifying to the citizens of New York than to the people throughout the country, who have a pride in the metropolis, and all of whom expect to visit it some day or other. The value of such an institution, not only as a source of interesting and instructive recreation to the throngs who will visit the Park, but as affording a rallying-point of scientific effort and organization, will be great and important. There can be no doubt that art and science are very considerably out of balance in our metropolitan thought and activity. That the interests of art are better appreciated, there can be no better proof than is afforded by the Central Park itself, while the interests of science are without a corresponding recognition or expression. A museum of natural history, on a scale commensurate with the wealth of the city and the artistic perfection of its local surroundings, will relieve us from our present reproach, and give a vigorous impulse to scientific pursuits. The kindred work of restoring some of the gigantic American fossils, which the Commissioners have commenced, and which is but a part of the comprehensive plan for the illustration of natural history, is already of much interest to men of science, remote as well as near, and will be a marked element of public attraction.

But more important still is the bearing which such an institution, or group of institutions, will have upon the cause of popular enlightenment; and we are glad to note that the Commissioners recognize this in speaking of the contemplated museum as "an aid to the great educational system of the city." This is, after all, the most valuable and vital aspect of the movement. A museum of natural-history objects, so arranged as to be thoroughly accessible, and accompanied with clear and simple descriptions of the objects, might be systematically visited by classes from our public schools, and a knowledge of things instead of words—a most desirable end in education—would be thereby essentially promoted.

Considerable discussion has been going on in the English papers in reference to Mr. Robertson's new comedy of "School" and its claim to originality. The comedy was at first enthusiastically praised on account of its novelty and freshness, but a correspondent of the London *Times* showed that its plot was entirely drawn from a German play called "Aschenbrödel;" whereupon Mr. Dion Boucicault hurries into print in defence of Mr. Robertson—prompted very naturally by a fellow-feeling—and insists that this "ridiculous cant about originality should be exploded." What the "ridiculous cant" is, does not seem quite clear—unless it is that play-makers must be allowed to beg, borrow, or appropriate, where they list and how they list, and the critics to accept what is offered in thankfulness and peace. Mr. Boucicault claims that the language of "School" is original, and cites a host of authorities to prove that in rehabilitating a drama from foreign or remote sources, Mr. Robertson has not transcended the law and the custom of the stage. Mr. Boucicault's letter has brought out numerous other correspondents, some in defence of and some in opposition to his arguments. The writer, it seems to us, forgot or ignored the



real issue. It is Mr. Robertson's reticence and want of candor that are justly complained of. The comedy of "School" was specially praised for exactly that quality which was derived from the foreign origin. Every one who is acquainted with the comedies of "Caste" and "Ours"—which we consider the purest and best productions in recent dramatic literature—would expect to find in a new drama from the same pen the taste, skill, and genuine power, for which those plays are so justly noted; but, when something is shown to have been concealed, a distrust arises which must necessarily qualify the public praise.

A New-York journal sums up a political article by declaring that "the whole use of government is to make things cheap." Would it not be better if government did not attempt to regulate either the cheapness, or dearness, or value, or price of "things?" When it is discovered that the whole use of government is to make "things" secure, we shall have advanced a little in our knowledge of political economy.

There are two things common in our New-York architecture which are utterly destructive to its dignity. One is the use of iron. There is no beauty of texture in the material itself, and the necessity of covering it with paint renders it in effect mean and contemptible. Paint in architecture is at all times a degradation; when fresh it is glaring and vulgar, when old it is dingy and stained. The other defect referred to is the custom of concentrating all the ornamentation on the fronts of buildings, leaving the rear and side walls piles of rough, cheap bricks. Warehouses built in this way may, perhaps, be tolerated, but in public buildings it is inexcusable. The Academy of Design building, for instance, viewed from the front, is very unique and beautiful; but, if approached from the upper side along Fourth Avenue, a blank pile of rough, unfinished brick confronts the spectator. Opposite this building the Young Men's Christian Association are erecting a very large, costly, and handsome structure—handsome, if you stand where the architect designs you to stand—but if you approach it from the south or the west, directions from which it will be seen more frequently than from any other, you will see nothing but tall altitudes of cheap brick and mortar. Almost all our buildings are marred in the same way. That is not architecture worthy the name which does not stand isolated, and present a finished picture from every point of view.

General Wilson, Fitz-Greene Halleck's literary executor and biographer, supplies us with an anecdote of the poet which has not elsewhere appeared. Halleck's habit of maintaining unusual opinions in a manner between jest and earnest, on one occasion cost him the loss of a fine portrait. Seth Cheney, a simple-minded, serious, and credulous artist, who died in 1856, was very successful with his crayon-pictures, transferring to the sheet before him the finest and most elevated expression of which the countenance of his sitter was capable. Halleck once sat to him, but the painter found the frame of mind which he brought to his task disturbed by the poet's rattling fire of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," and by the sportive manner in which his sitter spoke of certain matters which, to the mind of the artist, should only be referred to with the utmost reverence. One morning when Halleck came as usual, Cheney said to him: "I have finished your likeness." "You have been expeditious," said the poet, with that old-school courtesy for which he was so noted. "Yes," replied the painter, "I put it in the fire this morning."

The third number of APPLETONS' JOURNAL will be accompanied by a steel-plate engraving, from a painting by KENSETT, called "Noon on the Sea-shore."

## Literary and Personal Notes.

PROFESSOR BICKMORE'S "Travels in the East-Indian Archipelago," published in New York by D. Appleton & Co., and in London by John Murray, has been well received by the English critics. "That an American professor," says the *London Examiner*, "should undertake a long and perilous voyage, mainly for the purpose of collecting shells upon the shores of the Spice Islands, shows that the devotion to science which distinguished the earlier *avants*, is still a living truth among its humble followers in the nineteenth century. . . . Let not the unscientific reader, however, imagine that the work is made up of somniferous and unentertaining descriptions of specimens, or that it is only suited to the student of natural history and the museum collector; for, besides an account of the Flora and Fauna of the tropical East, there are many amusing and pleasantly-written chapters detailing the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Indeed, the greater portion of the book is thoroughly entertaining reading; the scientific chapters even being pleasantly relieved by accounts of the adventurous explorations of Mr. Bickmore. We certainly know no other book which gives us so complete a survey, historical and scientific, of the islands which together form what is now called Malaysia. Sumatra and Java, Celebes and Timor, Ceram and Buru, Gilolo and other smaller islands, were all visited by the author; and their geology, inhabitants, and productions are described and descanted upon to much practical purpose."

*John Bull* calls the book "a delightful one," and adds: "We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most charming and scientifically valuable book of travels published since Humboldt wrote that wonderful account of his travels in South America and Mexico. To naturalists, philologists, and ethnologists, these pages are of the highest value. . . . while the sportsman will revel in the accounts of tigers, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, deer, wild-boars, pythons, Malay pirates, and Dyak head-hunters. We have read these charming travels with the greatest avidity." *Land and Water* says, "We have seldom read a book of travel with greater pleasure;" and the *London Review* closes a long notice by saying, "The work is carefully written, and exhibits an amount of research that is most creditable."

The London correspondent of *Hours at Home*, in speaking of Mr. Lecky's promised new volume, "A History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," remarks: "In these days of personal gossip, the author of 'The History of Rationalism' stands almost alone in his incognito; even his publishers know little or nothing of him, except that he is a young gentleman, presumably of Irish birth, who spends most of his time travelling on the Continent. At the first glance, the period covered by his forthcoming book seems of singular choice; but, it will be noticed, that it includes the whole era of the death-struggle of classical paganism, introduction, and establishment of Christianity; what truths are received from special supernatural revelation, and what, from that earlier revelation in the reason of man, called by Dean Milman 'the great religious problem interesting to every thinking being,' and it may fairly be presumed that Mr. Lecky's book will afford valuable materials for its study."

Madame Rattazzi, *née* Marie de Solms-Wyse, cousin of the Emperor Napoleon, and grand-daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, has just published a novel entitled "If I were a Queen," and which has created quite a sensation both in Italy and France. One of the characters (the wife of the Italian ex-premier) indulges in the following Utopian dream of organized charity:

"If I were a queen, I should give—give with lavish hands, but with prudence, with deliberation—that honest poverty might be relieved, and laziness, much less vice, be not supported. I should organize a regular little army, which I should send out in search of hidden poor and sick persons, and to appear before them as messengers of charity and Christian mercy. How delightful it would be to save a mother in time from despair, and a young girl from ruin! From among the ladies of my acquaintance I should select the best, the wealthiest, and most charitable, and send them out into the quarters of my city that they might visit the most secret recesses of misery. Every morning I should then receive reports on the discoveries made on the preceding day, and should bestow warm praise on those who found out persons most urgently in need of relief. I should in this manner organize, as it were, a race of the charitable. I should then go out myself and bring relief to the poor; the misery of the families I should lessen by a better arrangement of their dwellings. I should buy a large, curtained bed for the parents, and bedsteads for the children of both sexes. I should teach the housewife to attract her husband by neatness and cheerfulness, and by means of good fare to cause him to cease visiting taverns. At the same time I should establish soup-houses, where nutritious dishes would be prepared, and the time and money might be saved to the housewife. The homeless would find shelter and warmth at these soup-houses, and they might rest there before returning to their daily toil. I should bestow the most tender solicitude on the poor creatures that are

mothers without being wives; I should give them a small dower for their babes; I should support them if they wished to nurse them at their own breasts; I should teach them that they might blot out their disgrace by becoming good mothers. For the old and sick I should always have doctors and refreshments in readiness; during my visits to the various quarters of the city, wagons should always follow me to convey the sick to the hospital, unless their horror of it should be too great, as is unfortunately the case with so many persons of the lower classes. It would, therefore, be my desire to provide for the proper nursing of the sick poor at their own homes."

Buying "curtained beds" for poor folks is a novel but harmless form of charitable zeal, but a too "tender solicitude for poor creatures that are mothers without being wives," would be found, we should judge, to indefinitely increase this class.

Rocheport gets up the manuscript of each number of his *Lanterne* in a very peculiar manner. He writes his malicious witticisms and *mots* with a lead-pencil on small scraps of paper, which he holds on a book, while walking up and down his room. As soon as one of the scraps is filled, he throws it into a basket, which the "devil" empties whenever he calls for "copy." Sometimes there is nothing in the basket when the "devil" arrives. "The basket is empty, M. Rocheport," he then says to the great Lanternist. "*Mon Dieu*, is that so?" replies Rocheport, who seizes his book and pencil and commences writing, while pacing the room. Often, when a good idea strikes him, he bursts into a peal of laughter, flings his book and paper away, and throws himself on the sofa, laughing all the time at the top of his lungs. His best witticisms, he has often said, were not enjoyed more heartily by any one than himself.

The young King of Bavaria has a wonderful memory. He knows all of Schiller's poems by heart. The other day he was present at a school-exhibition in Munich. Some of the boys were to recite poems; the king took the whole school by surprise by prompting the boys without glancing at the book which was offered to him. A Munich correspondent says that the true reason why the young Russian grand-duchess was not betrothed to Louis the Second of Bavaria last summer at Kissingen was, because he talked to her all the time about literature, of which the young lady was rather ignorant. He was ungallant enough to recommend to her a more careful study of certain poets, at which she took umbrage, and said she would not marry him.

It is untrue that Queen Isabella of Spain is writing a volume of "Reminiscences," as certain London newspapers have asserted. M. Charles Yriarte, the French feuilletoniste, is writing, at Marforia's suggestion, a book destined to defend the ex-Queen of Spain against the aspersions of her adversaries.

Max Ring, the author of "John Milton and his Times" and other popular novels, says, in a biographical sketch of Louisa Mühlbach, that he never knew an author who, after once studying a literary subject thoroughly, was able to write as rapidly and elegantly on it as the authoress of "Joseph II." and "Marie Antoinette." Mr. Ring mentions in the article that Louisa Mühlbach writes at least sixteen pages of original matter daily, and the ease with which she composes her works is so great that there are hardly ever any alterations in her manuscript.

Alexander Dumas, Sr., is, at the present time, at work upon no fewer than six novels and three plays, besides a cook-book, and a work upon that humble but useful animal, the hog.

Justus von Liebig speaks five languages and reads eight. In his personal appearance he looks considerably younger than he really is. His manners are exceedingly courteous, so much so indeed that the late King Maximilian II. of Bavaria once said to his courtiers, "Somebody called Liebig the other day, in my presence, a dry bookworm; what nonsense! I have never seen a more polished and elegant gentleman."

Frederick Gerstäcker, the German traveller and novelist, has been urgently invited by the Emperor of Brazil, who is an admirer of his South-American novels, to visit Rio Janeiro in the course of the present year.

Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit" will be published in no fewer than nine different languages—French, English, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Hungarian, Danish, and Swedish.

## Matters of Science and Art.

DR. H. CHARLETON BASTIAN, of University College, London, has made an interesting discovery in relation to the cause of the insanity which is attendant upon fevers. While experimenting, last summer, on the production of inflammation in the mesentery of the frog, he was much impressed with the amazing activity displayed by the white corpuscles of the blood in inflamed areas of tissue; and by

the fact that these white corpuscles, which had come into contact in or upon the inflamed mesenteric tissue, after they had passed out through the walls of the veins, cohere together, and finally fuse themselves into a single protoplasmic mass of varying size, according to the number of corpuscles of which it was composed. Upon subsequently examining the blood of patients suffering from rheumatic fever, typhoid fever, pneumonia, etc. (obtained by pricking the tip of the finger with a needle), he was again struck with the appearance of nodules of protoplasmic material in every way similar in composition to the white corpuscles themselves, though often forming masses from eight to twelve times as large as these. In a recent case of a man with erysipelous inflammation of the face and head, accompanied with delirium, so strongly was Dr. Bastian impressed with the foregoing facts, that he unhesitatingly diagnosed the "rebellion" of the white corpuscles of the blood as the cause of the delirium. The case terminated fatally, and, upon *post-mortem* inspection, the brain was found to be generally healthy; but a careful microscopic examination disclosed an actual plugging up of the minute vessels of its gray matter. These obstructions were unmistakably composed of cohering white blood-corpuscles, in some cases small, and formed by the union of three or four white corpuscles, while in others large, irregular-shaped aggregations, consisting of one, two, or three hundred adhering together.

The Siamese twins, Messrs. Chang and Eng Bunker, who have long resided in North Carolina, and lost their property during the war, have gone to England to make a little money by exhibition. The question of a surgical separation of the brothers has been submitted to some eminent physicians, and the results of recent examinations of their condition have been published. They are fifty-eight years of age, short in stature, Eng being five feet two and one-half inches in height, and Chang an inch shorter. The band that unites them sprang originally from the lower portion of each breast-bone, and at first held them face to face, but, by efforts in childhood, they were enabled to stand nearly shoulder to shoulder. Their inner arms are usually crossed behind each other's backs, but they can bring them forward over each other's heads, which is quite a curious movement, and are thus enabled to use all their hands, as at meals. The cartilaginous band which joins them is about four inches long, and seven in circumference, at the centre. The nerves of each extend a little beyond the middle of the band, so that a touch about an inch on either side of the centre is felt by both. There is, of course, a slight communication of the blood-vessels, but no interchange of blood, and no mutual dependence of circulation or respiration. They are, therefore, independent in personality, and are simply two persons tied together by a living knot. But although their mental operations are entirely distinct, their life-long similarity of experience has brought them into an extraordinary concord in thought and action.

The relative positions of the twins have produced an inequality in the action and efficiency of their organs: those turned toward each other, and therefore less used, being weakest. The adjacent eyes are in this way enfeebled, and the adjacent legs measure an inch less in circumference than the external ones.

The Messrs. Bunker married sisters, and have nine children apiece, Mr. E. Bunker having six sons and three daughters, and Mr. C. Bunker six daughters and three sons. The cousins do not get along together as well as the fathers, and there are times when each family wishes to have a father all to itself. The question of their separation has been raised on this ground rather than because the brothers desire it. The surgeons think that there is probably no anatomical impediment to their separation, but that the moral shock to two not very robust men, advanced in life, which would follow the breaking of the chain of life-long habits, would prove serious if not fatal.

They are reported as having educated themselves fully in the language and literature of this country; to be intelligent and agreeable companions, and to have won the respect and esteem of their neighbors.

It is stated by the *Scientific Opinion* that Messrs. H. G. Clarke & Co., of London, have invented and "published" a rival to the zoetrope, which they call the "Anorthoscope." The instrument produces very surprising optical effects out of prepared materials, which are remarkable chiefly for their chaotic absurdity. Indeed, before putting one of the plates into the machine to be interpreted, an interesting amusement is to try to find out what this colored confusion is likely to become. The "Anorthoscope" is highly ingenious, and certain to become popular.

It is reported that the authorities of the French mint have been experimenting upon the replacement of copper by zinc as an alloy for the silver coinage of the country, as well as for articles of silverware generally. It is claimed that the metal is more homogeneous, has a clear ring, considerable elasticity, and has a fine white lustre. It is less liable to be blackened by exposure to the sulphuretted hydrogen of the atmosphere, while there is no green coating formed by acids. Its constitution is 835 parts silver, 88 copper, and 73 zinc.

## The Museum.

HELMHOLTZ has shown that the motion or velocity of the electric current in man is at the rate of two hundred feet in a second; and that the currents in the nerves are eight or ten times stronger than those in the muscles. He found that the time required to contract a muscle, together with the time required to relax it again, is not more than the third of a second, and is a constant quantity.

It is difficult to say which is calculated to arouse the higher degree of wonder, the stupendous scale of the mechanism of the solar system, or the consummate perfection with which it works. If, for example, a small tube, with fine cross-wires at each end, be so placed that some familiar fixed star can be seen through it exactly in a line with the crossing of both wires, and the tube be then left in its exact position, it will begin to sweep away from the star in consequence of the earth's revolving movement. But, after twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, and four seconds, the tube will be restored to its former position, and the star will again appear exactly in a line with the crossings of the wires. This time is, therefore, called the *sidereal day*, or the day with reference to the stars.

A small privateer of forty or fifty men, having on board some hives made of earthenware, full of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley manned by five hundred seamen and soldiers. As soon as the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and hurled them down on the deck of the galley. The Turks, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, and unable to defend themselves from the stings of the enraged bees, became so terrified that they thought of nothing but how to escape their fury; while the crew of the small vessel, defended by masks and gloves, flew upon their enemies, sword in hand, and captured the vessel almost without resistance.

The light from the sun comes to us in two ways—direct, and by reflection from the atmosphere; and the chemical rays from the sun come also in this twofold way. But the *proportion* of light and chemical force which reach us in this twofold manner is very different. Professor Ruesel found that when the sun had an altitude of twenty degrees, of one hundred rays of visible light, sixty came direct and forty from the light diffused over the sky; but of one hundred chemical rays, only eight came directly from the sun, while ninety-two were reflected from the atmosphere.

The style of Milton's "Paradise Lost" had become so antiquated, so obscure, about a hundred years ago, that a bookseller named Osborne thought proper to publish a prose version of it for the benefit of "ordinary readers."

The movements one makes are generally stimulated through the senses, as when a loud sound makes us start, but they are often spontaneous or determined from within. In awakening from sleep, movement often precedes sensation. Most commonly the first symptom of awakening is a general commotion of the frame, a number of spontaneous movements—the stretching of the limbs, the opening of the eyes, the expansion of the features—to which succeeds the revived sensibility to outward things. No decided facts have ever been adduced to

show that a stimulation of the senses invariably precedes the awakening movements. We are therefore led to believe that the reanimation of the system consists in a rush of nervous power to the moving organs at the same time that the susceptibility of the senses is renewed.—*Bain.*

The metric system of weights and measures has been adopted in Mexico, Chili, Peru, New Granada, Bolivia, Venezuela, and French and Dutch Guiana. It was in evidence before the British House of Commons, in 1862, that, in 1859, of the total trade of Great Britain, including 79,405 vessels, there were 47,393 vessels, or about 60 per cent. of the total number, going to or from countries using the kilogramme.

It is now well known that, in all febrile diseases, the disintegration or combustion of the tissues is greatly increased beyond the healthy standard. To this is to be ascribed the increased temperature which is the symptom of the febrile state and the rapid emaciation. The products of the increased metamorphosis are mainly eliminated by the kidneys. As long as the kidneys are equal to the increased work thrown upon them, the blood is properly depurated, and the typhoid state is worked off. But if the kidneys be unequal to the task, either from the large amount of effete material to be eliminated, from primary disease in the reacting tissue, or from congestion resulting (as it often does) from their increased work, then the blood becomes contaminated, and convulsions or the typhoid state supervenes.—*Dr. Murchison.*

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CONTENTS OF NO. 2, APRIL 10, 1869.

	PAGE
THE MAN WHO LAUGHS; OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND. By Victor Hugo.....	33
MARY SHEA. By W. Stuart French. ("Realities of Irish Life.")	41
LIFE IN BOSTON: How there came to be such a Place as Boston....	44
HISTORICAL ART IN THE UNITED STATES. By Eugene Benson....	45
THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS. By the Author of "The Bachelor of the Albany".....	47
WHAT'S MY LOVE LIKE? By R. H. Stoddard.....	49
CRUSOES OF THE AIR.....	49
LANGUAGE AS ONE OF THE SCIENCES. By Rev. F. W. Farrar, F. R. S. (Condensed from <i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ).....	51
THE SCORPION AND ITS ANTAGONIST. By Frank Buckland. ( <i>Land and Water</i> ).....	53
TREE-WORSHIP.....	53
SPEED OF UTTERANCE IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES. (From "Material on Language").....	54
AIR AND THOUGHT.....	55
AUTHORITY IN OPINION.....	56
TABLE-TALK.....	56
LITERARY AND PERSONAL NOTES.....	58
MATTERS OF SCIENCE AND ART.....	59
THE MUSEUM.....	60
UNDERGROUND LIFE; OR, COAL-MINES AND MINERS.....	Art Supplement.

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Memoirs of Babylon.....	8
Cafes of the Paris Exhibition.....	14
Chattanooga and how we won it.....	10
Cradle Lands of the Bible.....	13
From Derby to Disraeli (Portrait).....	1
Du Chailu, Gorillas, and Cannibals.....	9
The Golden Fleece.....	12
The Pinerias of Minnesota.....	4
Personal Recollections of the War (Two Papers).....	30
Pilgrimage in Sunny Lands.....	24
A Day's Fighting at Queretaro.....	2
The Nurseries on Randall's Island.....	21
The Restigouche.....	13
The Voyage of the Bob Roy.....	19
A Summer on the Plains.....	15
Trouville, a French Paradise.....	6
Highland Life of Victoria and Albert.....	9
The Woman's Kingdom.....	30
John Bull in Abyssinia.....	13
To and upon the Amor River.....	16
Explorations in Lower California (Two Papers).....	26
The Chinese Embassy.....	10
Fish-Culture in America.....	24
David Garrick.....	3
Fashions in Guinea.....	13
The Handel Festival (Portraits).....	7
Unwelcome Guests of Insects.....	16
Thaddeus Kosciuszko (Portraits).....	2
Lookout Mountain, and how we won it.....	17
New York in the Revolution.....	11
Street Pavements.....	7
Shooting Stars and Meteors.....	19
Traveling in Siberia.....	17
Silver and Silver Plate.....	10
George and Robert Stephenson.....	21

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